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THE INTERNATIONAL
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OCTOBER, 1912.

THE DECLINE OF CULTURE.

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.

EVEN more than civilization in general, the special phase of it called culture has its ups and downs. The age of Pericles suffered sunset, being followed by many a far stretch of chiaroscuro before full day shone again. Mæcenas would have scoffed had a prophet told him that there were to succeed his Augustan time whole centuries during which hardly a scholar in Europe would be able to read Homer or Plato, and when even Vergil would be known to but few. Yet such centuries came.

We do not expect dark ages now. The causes which fogged the air after Rome's great days are nowhere discoverable at present,—no Goths, no Huns, no Tartars either, unless, as Charles H. Pearson seems to think possible, the Chinese march west. It is, however, a remark deserving serious consideration that after Athens and after Rome, when old-time culture,—philosophy, science, literature, the stage, art, discussion, criticism, skepticism, construction, satire, ethical hortation, and the Christian Gospel,—had done their utmost to improve men's minds, hearts, and lives, notwithstanding all, mental twilight fell upon European society, stayed long, sat grievously, and was brightened out into noon again only by centuries of painful toil at light-making.

A certain obscuration of real culture is again observable and we as yet by no means see its worst. "The measure

of a nation's true success," says Lowell, "is the amount it has contributed to the truth, the moral energy and intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind." We of the United States cannot face this just criterion to-day so boldly as we could earlier. Our traffic in spirituals, never any too lively, has decreased. Our export of higher-life wares used to be greater than now. At date, we fear, the balance of the trade is against us.

Culture is the appreciation, not contemplative alone but active and efficient, of the non-economic values. It is not identical with virtue but involves that. It covers enlightenment, breadth, open-mindedness, chivalry, honor, generosity, magnanimity, justice, gentleness, devotion to principle, the courage of one's convictions, power to sustain, without courting it, loneliness, resisting popular clamors and mob movements whether plebeian or patrician. Your truly cultivated man will put on no airs, neither take off any. He is not afraid of that which is high nor ashamed of what is obscure, having opinions but not opinionated, firm without stubbornness, fine yet not effeminate, respectful to the past yet no slave of tradition. He loves and courts above all things Truth, and with that, if he can find it, he will stay, with that he will live and with that he will die, recking the minimum of what other men do or say. Faith is his, a view which bottoms reality in reason and spirit and equips righteousness with its everlasting yea.

Of this comprehensive quality our times, as compared with the not very remote past, display a lack. There is a falling off in men's desire to procure and promote the things of the mind, less thought than once of ideals, less enthusiasm for the true, the beautiful, and the good, less submission to these.

> In each soul is born the pleasure
> Of yearning onward, upward, and away,
> When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
> The lark sends down his flickering lay.

Nowadays we do not yearn onward much, or upward, or away. Such postures are not in favor with the Four Hundred.

Much genuine unselfishness remains, but there is a great deal more which exists solely on paper or in sentiment. If a fellow-citizen is caught red-handed in doing an act of considerable self-denial, men gape at him as a wonder, pitying, however, rather than admiring. He means well, they admit; he is a right good fellow, but a fool nevertheless. Recently, on a Chicago street, a gentleman said to his walking mate, who was from St. Louis: "Look, d'ye see that tall man with the long Roman nose and spectacles?" "Yes," said the other, "what about him?" "Why, that's Judge Peter S. Grosscup, who, on a salary of $6,000, refused an offer of a $100,000 salary as attorney for the Northern Securities Company." "By gad," said the St. Louis party, "he looks that way; doesn't insanity run in the family?"

Fiction abjures romantic effort and turns horribly to realism, partly dry moralizing, partly nauseous pornography. Plenty of verse is composed and marketed, but little of it is true poetry, still less of it spiritual poetry. Stocks, bonds, deals, puts, calls, promoting, Wall Street entire, repel and sicken the muses. All about us we witness contempt for the simple life. When Charles Wagner's book on that subject was translated, its ideas, which, noteworthily, we had to import from France as we do our finest silks and wines, struck most Americans as discoveries. We are busy getting our living, unaware, meantime, that "after a man gets his living he has got to live." Wealth is amassed as never before, vast amounts of which no doubt go for books, paintings, elegant houses, ornaments, and artists' work of all sorts; but how few, comparatively, of the purchasers buy or enjoy with any higher motive than pride! Rich oafs spend fortunes for rare editions or bindings, which with infinite gusto they invite you to survey, posing as great patrons of letters, it taking but a test question or two to lay bare their hypocrisy. In

everything not allied with the winning of secular goods do we not to an unprecedented extent behold in men's characters and deeds distressing commonplace, a dead level, a stale uniformity?

Charles Wagner,—and we believe him,—says that we err in thinking of earlier ages as less mobile-minded than our own, in charging antique society with rigidity, monotony of thought and manners. Those ancient epochs which we love to represent as morbidly static, possessed a marvelous richness of thought, custom, and originality unknown at the present day. They had variety in uniformity; we have monotony in the midst of change. Our change means mostly the same thing over and over. Fashion was never so imperious as now.

In this age so rich in invention everything breeds uniformity. The ten thousand shapes which life and thought take on are propagated and impressed with astonishing rapidity. Science enables us to multiply infinitely all the things we invent and to throw them upon the market with cheapening profusion. Vulgarization debases all the arts. Is a masterpiece originated anywhere? Myriads of copies immediately flood the country. Opera airs the most beautiful pass forthwith to the hand-organ. In six weeks after a melody is first heard every one is singing and whistling it. So of all novelties in art or in social life. The city, possessing the engines of civilization, floods the country with its products, beating down and running out local peculiarities. Professor Royce rightly argues the mischief of this bleaching process, pointing out the incalculable benefit to our national character of local idiosyncracies. Let shallow people laugh at New England provincialism and berate the South for being solid. The wise rejoice that so much local apartness survives. Well may each remoter section of the country,—and without pharisaism,—rejoice in any traits it can claim as peculiarly its own, praying with unction daily: God, I thank thee that I am not as other sections are,—or even as great New York.

Centralization annuls not only the baneful and narrow in particularism but, worse still, its sap and vigor. The ponderous paving rollers of industrialism, bureaucracy, and fashion pass over society, crushing out originality and flattening individuals into specimens. Local manners, costumes, provincial songs and idioms disappear. Railway lines, depots, hotels, and theatres resemble each other like brothers. Towns and villages, drained, debilitated, each shorn of its individuality, are but the feeble images of cities.

Where, asks Mr. Wagner, whose thought we have been tracing,—where in such a world, can character, originality, the will to strike into new paths, get foothold? How can anyone take on an individual physiognomy. You must imitate. You must wear the ruling style of hat and coat, and tie your cravat in the latest knot, or you are a boor. Individuals are no longer turned out, but human samples, —by the dozen, by the gross. The stereotyped eye-glass, cane, gait, handshake, salutation, suggest automatons. You look for some factory stamp upon the lot. Fashion determines manners and ideas in the same way. Ruts form and grow deeper and deeper. People come to prefer herd-life. Out of it they are lost. They no longer attach value save to things they have seen, heard, or tasted in common. "It was bad,—no one had it." "It was superb; they were tumbling over each other to get it." To many a man 'You're a liar' seems less an insult than 'You're queer.'

Industrialism involves another curse, the division of labor, as destructive of spiritual as it is creative of temporal wealth, and not confined any longer to mills and shops, but felt as well on 'Change, at the bar, in newspaper-making, and even in teaching. Everywhere specializing breeds pettiness, an arid mind, thinking with the spinal cord instead of the brain. Even this would not be so bad if the manikins realized that they were such, but they deem themselves men and sages. Forced to be narrow, people take their dwarf conceptions as the measure of total reality.

It is doubtful whether what might be called the scientific mind is holding its own. Superstition not unlike belief in ghosts is still wide-spread and rank. Ideas of prayer as irrational as fetish worship have immense vogue among the people. The processes called divine healing, mental healing, faith cure, and so on, no doubt have some basis in recognized laws, but still a large part of the credence reposed in them is superstition pure and simple.

There is wide remission of enthusiasm for humanity. Few think it articulately; fewer avow it; but very many are in fact now cherishing a notion quite akin to that of slavery's advocates before the Civil War, that God has organized society aristocratically, the multitude being ordained to live ignorant, poor, in servitude to the elect. The victory of civilization, so many a contemporary argument implies, is to be judged by its consummate flower rather than by the number and distribution of its flowers, the state and fate of the common man being of little account if only wealth is adequate to the perfecting of culture in however few individuals. Our advanced communities now display a great deal less justice and fairness, man toward man, than was formerly seen. There is, indeed, less wrangling and objurgatory discussion than once. Even this, we fear, is mostly due to lack of frankness, not to a growing kindness of temper. Is not the same true touching the boasted tolerance of opinion observed on all hands? In private, men certainly storm against opponents with fearful rancor. Mark, too, the cold greed and rapacity with which business is carried on! Mercantile honor is not unknown, but it is relatively rarer than hitherto, less the rule. Promoting-deals, stock-manipulations, market-rigging, in intent and in effect every whit as bad as highway robbery, occur daily, evoking no protest save the bleating of shorn lambs.

While crimes of violence against person, and also crimes against property, in the way of large and open robbery, are growing less frequent,—partly because police service is better,—on the other hand, torts, crimes

of cunning, secret vices, tricks, however immoral and cruel, that can be worked in accordance with law, and especially offenses against personal purity, are everywhere on the increase. Meantime it is not simply abstention from wrong that human beings need in order to live well. It is enthusiasm for righteousness; it is mighty self-denial and heroic sacrifice;—not innocence but nobility, not continuance upon present moral levels, but inspiration and power to soar to the heights; and it is clear that latter-day motives are less and less adequate for those attainments.

We have thus far been looking at the malaise outwardly. Let us now get down to diagnosis. The culture pyæmia in American society may be traced, in the main, to four great plexuses of influences: one, the country's astounding growth in wealth; a second, the spread of communistic socialism; a third, bad theory and practice in education; and a fourth, depressing views of the world, life, and man.

1. In the United States the conjunction of virile population with boundless natural resources has created wealth with a rapidity never before attained. Then, right in the midst of this incomparable development, Pelion upon Ossa, mankind reached the world's limit of free arable land. For the first time in history it became impossible to acquire fertile soil by merely [illegible]ling to it. As the population of the globe was meanwhile increasing by leaps and bounds, the disappearance of free arable forced a rise in the values of all agricultural land within reach of markets, giving to our wealth a new and incalculable accession, since our arable, all of it near centers of population, was at once vaster, richer and in better tilth than that of any other nation. Thus the principle of unearned increment has wrought with our energy and industry and with our country's native fecundity to pile up here, in a generation, riches past the wildest dreams of Crœsus.

A mighty despiritualizing factor is thus in play over and above men's natural love of gain and reënforcing

that, a force not paralleled in any other land or at any earlier epoch in our own. Wealth-gaining is an obtrusive, all-engrossing phenomenon, over-shadowing all else,—massive, ubiquitous, obstreperous, never out of sight or out of mind. By its size it occludes the sun: the noise of it deafens reason's ear. We do not refer mainly to those professedly engaged in amassing riches; the frenzy spreads to all. Yon neighbor of mine has become rich; why should not I? Scholars, professors, the clergy, even saints courtesy to Mammon. Very rare is the man in any walk of life who is really contented with a decent plenty. If any perchance ask how much one must have to live comfortably, the chorus answers at once: "The utmost you can get." It was said by him of old time, "Life is more than meat"; the modern conviction would seem to be that life is identical with meat and the body with raiment.

2. Patriots are marking with interest the rapid multiplication of socialists. Our growing socialist vote is the one clear sign of momentous political change going on in America. Not the foreign-born alone poll it; not the illiterate only, but holders of diplomas, writers, thinkers. What is even more significant than socialists' numerical increase is the fact that your up-to-date socialist is a communist. There have always been communists, men who, conceiving wealth either as the sole good or as the necessary condition to all good, have urged the equal distribution of it among all the community's adults, disregarding both productive capacity and thrift. Of old, people of such a mind were not all socialists, but now to a man they are so and they probably form the great bulk of the socialist body in every country. There is, however, another class of socialists, sedate and studious citizens, who did not begin as communists: and the serious problem connected with recent socialist advance relates to these.

The first socialism announcing itself as a program for general society, to regulate production and not merely

consumption, was to a great extent a rational effort to cure patent, apparently remediable social inequalities. Its purpose was not leveling, nor would it have resulted in leveling had it been put in execution. It did not ignore the native, indomitable differences between human individuals, but took account of these, proposing to turn them to better social uses than before. Partly not to offend their *confrères* who were communists, and still more, perhaps, because no workable plan other than equal distribution has been or can be found for artificially dividing a society's income, the kind of socialists who would have been glad not to do so bow to the communistic blast. No standard socialistic work, we think, any longer hesitates to admit that socialism, when fully launched, is going to mean out-and-out equality of income among all the adult members of society, from hod-carriers and stone-breakers up to the rarest artists, jurists, authors, and professional experts.

Intelligent socialists may think they see how this economic leveling can be made to consist with that rich diversity, manifoldness, and individualism in society to which we are accustomed. We cannot but believe that most of them, in adopting communism, inwardly consent to some measure of social leveling as well; but, even if they do not expect this, the vast majority of their followers not only expect it, but hope for it and are determined to have it. Diversity in economic condition and diversity in social condition involve each other. Socialist thinkers will have to admit this; less intelligent socialists enthusiastically recognize it already.

The socialism so rapidly growing is thus, in effect, a crusade against the highlands of men's life in the supposed interest of the bog. Ears are of course familiar with the shrieks of dissent from that conclusion, but it seems to us inevitable. The social homogeneity sure to follow the scheme if victorious would be coarse rather than fine; low, not high. Leveling would be mainly downward.

It is less our business just now to show what must result from a real reign of socialism, than to indicate the mischief which socialist agitation has already done. Leveling purpose is this moment rife. By great caravans of more or less intelligent persons human weal is to-day apprehended as if wholly calculable in terms of food and clothing. Large wealth-making, however honest, is decried as criminal. Men would build forth the social body utterly without regard to heterogeneity, allowing no place for the genius, the artist, the dreamer, the mugwump, the rebel. The church in its worst days never meditated rendering life so insipid. Involved in the iron orderliness which socialism cannot but entail, any real man would cry out with Walt Whitman:

> O for something pernicious and dread,
> Something far away from a puny and pious life,
> Something unproved, something in a trance,
> Something escaped from the anchorage and driving free.

3. Culture is suffering from certain perversities in education. Bad and low ideals in education couple themselves with false and ignoble theories. Herbert Spencer would make all education turn on man's relation to nature, because, forsooth, man must ever live in, on, and with nature. Nay, critics reply, society is the great conception in education; we are closer to society than to nature. Yes, but each man's nearest environment is himself, a truth all but universally overlooked. Ethical training is neglected,—the creation of large, rich, rounded personalities, making life within oneself possible and good, and insuring rational happiness, in cases of advanced age, even when communion both with nature and society is at end. All of course recognize the place of nature study and of acquaintance with one's kind in duly rearing, furnishing and finishing personalities; but we insist on it as of sovereign importance that the human being himself be made and ceaselessly kept central in the educational process. Pestilential, too, is the cry for shorter courses,

that young people may begin work earlier in life, earn more, and be surer of large families. There is no fear that our population will be too small, but much that it will be too mean. It is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt will soon amend his frequent plea for swelling the census by urging quality of population as more of a desideratum, thus undoing a little the incalculable evil his words have wrought among the poor and thoughtless.

One must deprecate the rage for exclusively modern studies. All that has been urged to the contrary notwithstanding, these branches are less cultivating than well-taught classical disciplines. Touching only the here and the now, they cannot broaden the mind or shift hither and thither the spirit's point of view as needs to be done to produce an education worthy the name. Moreover, they are nearly always pursued with a more or less utilitarian aim. It is the great merit of classical reading, on the other hand, that it promises you no bread or meat, while it thrusts you at once into a strange, far-away world, from almost every point of which you see each nearer thing in some instructive and valuable new light. What can one know of the world which modern studies make familiar unless one has some acquaintance with the antique!

America should heed Stanley Hall's and M. Lavisse's caution against excessive uniformity in educational system. Organization, methods, even standards, may have morbid similarity. Affiliation can easily be pressed too far. When one institution begins to ape another, even a better, be sure there is pus in its blood. A college, like a code of laws or a governmental constitution, is good and valuable, not mainly in proportion as it conforms to abstract educational theory, but mainly as it has grown up from and with the people for whom it exists.

University training is a rare boon; let all who can, take advantage of it. And you will rarely find anyone, however brilliant or well-informed, who has failed of this discipline, whose mental work does not painfully betray the lack. Still, far be the day when reverence for schools,

examinations, diplomas shall be strong enough to bar independent spirits from any reward of the intellectual life. No university faculty on earth dare,—not all such faculties together dare,—to profess human knowledge in its entirety. To get an actual encyclopedia you must go outside. Much of the world's best thinking must continue to be done, as always hitherto, by non-schoolmen like John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Eduard von Hartmann.

The method of college teaching has in important respects changed for the worse. Wordsworth, also De Quincey, distinguished literature into two kinds,—the literature of knowledge and the literature of power,—books that inform and books that inspire and create. You can fruitfully divide methods of collegiate instruction in the same way. There is instruction that merely imparts information and there is instruction that sets on fire, consumes and recreates the pupil. The one conceives the student as a receptacle, and its motto is, 'Fill him up'; the other conceives him as a rational being, and its motto is, 'Build him up.' Your typical college professor of to-day represents the one kind; President Mark Hopkins in his prime the other. This instruction of impartation has nearly swept the field, displacing the old instruction of power. In higher classes, especially, there is not enough drill, too little of resolute grapple between teacher's and learner's mind. Socrates's method of give and take is forgotten. The crib is filled with food, but little effort put forth to make it appetizing or nutritious, still less to give the eater voracity and assimilating power. He may eat or he may starve. Very many teachers wholly repudiate the function of men-making, anxious solely to exalt the subjects which they teach. They compass land and sea to build a course of lectures, a book, a system, but, save as an incident, do nothing upon the infinitely more needful task of furthering the manhood they face each day in class.

No wonder that students in college show, as compared

with those of years past, great dearth of moral enthusiasm. There is fair zeal for hard study, for intellectual attainments, for qualifications that shall bring place and name and fortune; but little for ideals, truth on its own account. Quite in vain would you search American institutions of high learning to find students, as one easily could do once, in societies, in dormitories, on college walks, engaging each other with blood-heat arguments, sometimes leading to duels, on questions like slavery, capital punishment, the rights of majorities. Equally vital questions crowd the forum to-day, issues on whose solution the whole weal of humanity hangs; but they stir very little the breasts of college men. Nor can one refer this in any great degree to change of view touching debate as a means of advancing truth. Its main cause is sheer moral apathy.

4. The doctrine of evolution, deriving each higher life-form from a lower one by insensible differentiation, is quite compatible with the highest human culture, but mechanical or atelic evolution is not so. Purely Darwinian ethics,—biological, hedonistic,—making self-love the final source of all our moral promptings, could never have reared the best selfhood our humanity has realized and can never sustain this. The philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche is a perfectly logical working out of Darwinian biology in the field of men's moral life. Could that strange teacher sight earth from where he is, it would certainly refresh him to see his doctrine spreading,—the doctrine that might makes right, that Jenghis Khan, Timur, Alexander, and such conquerors are the model men, that to love all, forgive injuries, help the poor and lowly, and so on, is a religion fit only for slaves, that Christ's great words have already lost all power over superior races and individuals and must soon completely and forever pass away.

In memorable chapters Arthur James Balfour shows what the effect must be should biological ethics thus triumph. He points out that to live worthily, to obey high

ideals, is in the long run impossible for him who does not view the world as somehow the product of purpose.

The assumptions of naturalism absolutely contradict not only our spontaneous moral beliefs and promptings, but also derivative convictions that are of vital moment to society if progress is to mark the future. Naturalism can give no reason why any sentiment, impulse, or conviction which in any manner is of advantage to the race should be preferred to any other impulse or conviction as more worthy of consideration or obedience. The basest appetites, the hardest selfishness, the most ferocious hatred, naturalism places on the same level of nobility,—call the level low or high,—as the most self-denying devotion or the most death-defying heroism. The tiger in you and the saint in you proceed from the same kind of causes; both were evolved for the same end, the maintenance of the species. By the theory of unpurposed or mechanical evolution conscience itself, the sweetest, loftiest, most unselfish virtue, can have no diviner meaning than that the family, tribe, or nation is biologically more valuable than the individual.

Reasoning according to the principles of purposeless evolution, let us suppose the process of evolution reversed. Imagine courage and self-control to have been the qualities first needed, first evolved, and therefore most radically ingrained in the nature of our ancestors, and think of selfishness, cowardice, greed, and lust as impulses called for and hence developed only at a later stage of the world's growth. In that case, naturalistic evolution would bid us look for those exalted emotions which now attend courage and abnegation, in connection with selfishness, cowardice, and lust. Preachers would then earnestly warn us to beware of excessive indulgence in deeds of self-immolation as a deadly thing. Hereditary instinct bears you that way, they would say, but you must resist it. Mortify the longing to do good which is in your members, and gird yourselves for rioting and drunkenness, chambering and wantonness, strife and envying. Do not im-

peril your soul by toil for others, but, as you value salvation, cultivate with all your might the grace of having a good time.

As moral conduct finds in the theory of mechanical evolution no justification by looking back to the genesis of our experiences, upon the same hypothesis it finds none in looking forward. In that view, the individual, of course, ceases forever with his bodily death. But the race itself does not survive him long. In a period quite possible to be measured, its term almost in sight, the energies of our solar system will decay. The sun will stop shining, and the earth, too cold longer to produce or to continue life, will cease to be the habitation of man. All will then be as if conscious spirits had never been. Religion, reason, and art, with the glorious records which they had while there was mind to contemplate them, will be clean gone forever. Life and love, hate and death, everything speakable and unspeakable which now engages human thought, as well as all the realms of undiscovered and potential being, will be canceled in blank annihilation.

True, the moral results of thinking like this have not yet fully revealed themselves in any community. Which means in part that the people who so believe have not been able to impress their ideas upon their fellows, and in part that the believers themselves probably do not, a single one of them, realize in their characters the inevitable logic of their convictions. But this schism between conviction and conduct cannot continue forever. The mind of man is at bottom rational. Inevitably, sooner or later, his beliefs take effect in his behavior. Either the naturalistic thinking or the altruistic conduct must go by the board. If naturalism is the truth, morality is but a haphazard catalogue of prudential regulations; beauty is unsubstantial and accidental, not eternal; and even reason is nothing else but a habit by which our thoughts chance to take one course rather than another. Well says Mr. Balfour: "All that gives dignity to life, all

that gives value to effort, shrinks and fades under the pitiless glare of a creed like this."

Such are, as it seems to us, the worst reefs athwart the track of the world's spiritual commerce in our day; such is our chart of the seas where they lie. Our review brings heartening along with soberness. Tenacious as mediæval gloom was, it did at last give way. The sources of culture gush perennially. If former checks upon their flow proved temporary, the present subsidence will be so,—the more certainly because of books and schools, instrumentalities once feeble, but now and always henceforth invincible.

In what quarter of the heavens dawn will first show, it were rash to predict. Socialism will run a long course, so will perverse education. There are happy signs that wealth-seekers are beginning to distinguish between wealth as a means and wealth as an end. Hardest to reform will doubtless be men's faith. Perhaps another Messiah will have to be awaited. Meantime, every child of the day may do somewhat to widen the skirts of light. As Emerson exhorts: "Bend to the persuasion which is flowing to you from every highest prompting of human nature to be its tongue to the heart of man and to show the besotted world how passing fair is wisdom."

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ORIGINALITY AND CULTURE.

J. W. Scott.

With the progress of mechanical invention and the growing ease with which the material needs of man have come to be supplied, a great store of human energy and skill has been set free to spend itself on satisfying our higher human wants. These wants have had to be created. In a large extent they have been so; and, in-

dividually at least, they are tolerably supplied. But the coördination of these wants has not by any means kept pace with the awakening of them. And this fact has given to every phase of present-day life a certain distractedness of aspect. We are conscious of multitudinous wants without knowing their relative value. We lack a principle whereby to regulate their many claims. And the confusion intensifies the practical problem of life, right down through all classes of society. Even the humble economy of a working man's household is the meeting ground of an infinitely more complex set of forces than in the days when a hundred modern wants which now clamor for satisfaction, still slept in unconsciousness. In fact, the problem presented there gives us almost a miniature picture of the problem which civilization as a whole is tending to present. When the baffled old working man, struggling to reconcile himself to the ways of his growing family and provide for them, looks back wistfully to the time when no such thing as a bicycle or a country house was ever needed by people of his class, the real source of his trouble is a fear lest these new needs, rushing in, may crowd out other and more fundamental ones, or deprive them of their due and proper place. What he dreads is the confusion of his life's economy; the unloosing of that firm organic connection which once obtained between the different interests of his life. That dread is not, of course, always well founded. If life is ever to rise to a higher plane, it must be through such temporary disorder. Nevertheless, the disorder is real. And in it there is risk. The individual has cut his moorings and departed from the old safe ways of conducting life. He has given to new needs a legitimate voice. He has summoned them from the depths of unconsciousness, and having done so, he cannot lay them again. As a result he may rise to a higher life. If he succeeds in harmonizing them all, he will do so. On the other hand, if he fails, he sinks lower than he was. And it is gravely to be feared that, for the present at any rate, and on certain planes of our

civilization, the task is proving too much. Masses of our once thrifty poor are finding themselves so incessantly besieged by all manner of new conveniences, new opportunities, new interests and entertainments, that every need they are capable of feeling has been awakened; and the conflicting claims have become so difficult to adjust that many are practically giving up the task in despair and falling back on the policy of satisfying needs indiscriminately, as time and chance determine.

But the conditions do not affect the economic field only. The whole output of the world of culture,—literary work, artistic production, philosophic speculation, scientific discovery, even political and philanthropic endeavor,—seems equally to have outrun man's power to dispose of it. When the average educated individual allows himself to respond to the ideal forces of his time, when he sets himself to appreciate something of its art, follow the main trend of its politics, read its representative literature, he is very apt to become overwhelmed. He finds that those who act as the bearers of the higher culture to mankind, do not conspire together to win anything for him and present it to him as a whole. They are inspired men and women, audacious in their pioneering work, zealous to break new paths for mankind into a higher life. But they are not a band. Their enterprise is not one enterprise. They are broken up into a multiplicity of disconnected forces, each engrossed in its own work and proud of any fragment of truth or of beauty which it may have been able to capture. There seems to be no real supplementation of one part of the work by another. The individual looks in vain for any extensive corroboration of the one bit of truth, or any adequate setting for the fragment of beauty. He thus misses the inspiring sense of a goal,—a whole of life which the entire enterprise might have been gradually revealing to him. He finds himself in a universe of contradictions, where he no sooner commits himself to one line of thought or standard of beauty than he runs against some other with, apparently, an

equal claim to his allegiance. He is, in fact, in the same distracted state as the baffled manager of the modern household confronting his conflicting claims. He is in a universe to which he cannot adjust himself because it is itself incoherent. Nor is it his own fault that he is in this position. He has not, any more than the working man, entered into this self-discrepant, distracted universe capriciously. No one who really lives can be out of it. No one can be wholly oblivious to what the ideal tendencies of his time are offering him. Rumors which live in the air he breathes, force the individual to hear what politicians are planning, or artists producing, or theologians arguing about. And to listen is *ipso facto* to acquire interests. Every faintest echo which succeeds in attracting his attention runs its chance of setting up a permanent interest in itself,—leaving some trace upon him of a desire to hear more about it or understand it better. To be educated, in fact, means to have one's susceptibilities to such things awakened, and, once awakened, they are not to be lulled to sleep again.

This inability to get above the details of life has its most sinister outcome in the way it changes our standards of value. In the first place it prevents our interest in any activity being really deep. There are too many kinds of activity. Or rather, the kinds are too different. The plentitude of intellectual and artistic endeavor which civilization is presenting to us, lacks organic connection. There is no one goal to it, no end, however faint or far away, in which we might take an absolute interest; nothing towards which all the elements bend their strength; nothing of which we can say: this is that 'higher life' which all our efforts are meant to secure. We thus cannot ask seriously about any pursuit we take up, what is the ultimate point of it? We are forced to turn aside from the question of ultimate values altogether. Either we must lose our interest in life, or we must learn to be content with interests less complete. We have to become engrossed in the particulars and details of our occupation,

and cease to reflect on its ultimate purpose. We must cease to dwell upon what our work is in the long run, or what it means to the world, and find what satisfaction we can in the mere fact that it occupies us. Thus there becomes fixed for us a standard of value. We appreciate work, whether our own or that of others, according to its power to occupy or arrest attention. We measure the writer or artist not by the content of his message, but by the piquancy or novelty of his manner of bringing it. We lay emphasis not on the universal, but on the individual; we value "the peculiar impression, the individual tone, the subjective, personal hue." Give this tendency free scope and the warping of our practical ideals is the result. The number of interesting pursuits or objects in the world becomes as endless as our interest in each is shallow. Whatever can strike a new note, offer a fresh idea, provide the entertainment of an hour, is admitted to a place among the worthy occupations of man; until when one is seeking an aim for one's own life, the generous impulses die and the selfish ones take their place. Devotion to an objective cause gives place to the mere ambition to make one's mark, to do something special, striking, distinctive; something which can be called one's own and which will compel attention. We cease to aim at getting work done, and begin to aim at making ourselves interesting.

We have been trying to bring into view one of those broad, pervasive ideals which move over the whole surface of our social life, and whose influence in molding thought and conduct is all the greater because it is so silent and unobserved. Far more people aim at being great, than are aware that they do so. And we have been trying to exhibit the logic whereby the present extraordinary accumulation of the elements of culture has issued in giving a certain bias to our conception of human greatness. Our next task is to examine the validity of the conception as thus modified.

In the first place, conditions are to be found, and some-

times in very unlikely places, fitted to encourage another and a very different conception. In the commercial and industrial world, the clash of competition tells us very plainly the value of being distinctive; how important it often is to the business man to be able to escape the overcrowded lines and strike out with something fresh. His whole life, even, seems at times to be but one long effort to attain the unique,—to find some new human need he can supply, or whim he can pamper, some new salable article or new way of producing the old article,—at any rate, to find some means or other of being the only one of his class and doing what no one else is doing. And so far, he seems to be aiming at the kind of greatness we have delineated above. Yet even in the business world itself the mere determination to stand for one thing and abjure all contact with everything else is not sufficient. The concatenation of economic conditions is so close, the ties between one business interest and another are so vital, that the individual must at least keep up an intelligent interest in other 'lines' than his own. He must see his own position. He must understand what his particular product does to supply human need as a whole, on what the demand for it depends, what its real place is in the complex circulation of human products. He must be able to step back from his specialty, so to speak, and 'envisage' it in its context; otherwise he will be able to foresee neither advantage nor disaster. And this function, if we think of it, will be seen to be the pursuit of an ideal, which is the very reverse of a deification of mere distinctiveness. It is, in embryo, the ideal of culture. Culture, in the genuine classic sense of the term, *is* simply the ability to transcend specialized interests and bring them into their true perspective. It is the ability to set the obtrusive elements of our life back into their place, deprive them of their false importance and bring the really greater things into the centre. And the mere effort of a man to bring the economic conditions of the time before his mind in their true relations for the sake

of his business, carries him some way towards this. It is an effort to make a coherent self-explaining world, out of a confusion of forces whose special incidence upon his own life is largely a matter of accident and is out of all proper relation to their real importance in the objective whole which they constitute.

It would be easy to show that conditions also exist which impel a man further, and towards a fuller realization of what we have called the ideal of culture. The individual is not himself a mere bundle of disconnected interests. He is a personality. He has an impulse towards wholeness in him which demands to see the whole interests of man, political, social, artistic, religious, in their true perspective. But this demand, by reason of certain native human tendencies, is always hard to fulfil. The first essential to its fulfillment, under any circumstances, is a certain self-sacrifice. The individual must commit himself to the world. He must recognize from the outset that he is only a learner, and that the world is full of wiser men than he. He must be quick to avail himself of these, eager to accept teaching from any of them who have anything to teach him. Especially should he study the history of the past, and endeavor to come under the influence of teachers of other ages than his own. He should let himself be influenced and guided by the great souls who have made out their title to be the teachers of our race. Only in this way can he find wisdom at the fountain head, and enter into his spiritual inheritance.

I have said that we have a native unwillingness to abandon ourselves to the larger current of the world's culture. Now, at first sight, reflection rather seems to justify such a tendency. For grant that what we have just said about the ideal of culture is true,—that its essence lies in wide acquaintance with the facts of the world, that the need of it is native to the mind of man, that the beginnings of a call for it are traceable deep down in the workaday world of industry and busi-

ness competition. Is there not another need, equally deeply rooted in the soil of modern life, of whose existence business specialization is itself a symptom, namely the need for what is called originality? Is it not just the necessity for new things, and for bringing the things we already need up to a new standard of efficiency, which has made us specialize, and which is constantly driving us on to specialize further? And if the search for the unique and special characterizes the industrial world, is it not a fact that the same tendency governs the literary and artistic world even more? And have we not to reckon with that fact? There probably never was a time when the whole range of human susceptibilities was more thoroughly ransacked for new wants, new interests, new literary and artistic tastes. We cannot be indifferent to these demands. Not bread and butter only, but to some extent culture itself depends on our power to minister to them. It is expected of the man of culture that he will be able to set truth in striking lights and awaken new ideas. It is part of his business to be original. Now, surely, to let oneself be influenced by other minds, even by the master minds of all time, will be to endanger this originality. In occupying ourselves with their ideas we shall lose our own. We shall have to be content to reflect their wisdom, to shine as it were in a borrowed light. Such a practice, it might be said, may do little harm in some cases. It may work very well with those in whom originality does not count, those who have nothing to do but work on given methods or teach accepted doctrines. But for anyone so placed that he must before all things bring to his work the force of an original personality, it would seem to mean irreparable loss. In short, if a man has any original ideas, the counsel of wisdom is that he should guard them. Let him not go and steep his mind in the thoughts of others unless he wants to be their mouthpiece. He will lose his personality in that fashion. He will no longer be an individual by himself, with whom the world has to reckon, but simply one of the crowd, whose

mind is swayed by ideas which are the world's, and which are the instruments whereby the world molds the crowd into their common shape.

This, then, is the kind of theory whereby the conditions which already make so powerfully for the worship of mere distinctiveness come to be intellectually reinforced. Is it tenable? In the first place, there should be no delusion as to the importance of personality. The need for that is not confined to some walks of life only, but is found practically everywhere. It is the biggest asset with which a man can enter the business world, and a literateur or an artist without it is probably a failure from the beginning. The only question is whether what we call culture,—the practice of assiduously acquainting ourselves with what other minds have thought and felt,—will be injurious to it. And it seems to me that we are beating the air in this matter until we gain some clear idea of what personality and originality are,—what it is to be original and to be a person.

When I look to the world's brightest examples of original genius, so far from finding that that submissive, receptive attitude of mind,—that willingness to accept the guidance and wisdom of the great past which we have spoken about,—was injurious to them, I seem to find that it was just what made them. A man's personality is a thing which needs to be made. He does not bring it full fledged into the world with him. Strange as it may seem, personality is a thing which a man absorbs from his environment as a plant absorbs air and light. He acquires it, little by little, out of the common storehouse of the world's wisdom. The elements out of which he builds it are gathered from all lands and all ages. He did not create any one of them. They were there already in the world before he was born. In him they are only brought together. We are all plagiarists. In the last resort everything we have or know is borrowed.

This truth is not very difficult to admit in the case of common men and women. When we look at a great

original genius, however, we are apt to think that he is an exception. What we see first in him is not his debt to the past but his independence of it. This first view is not all wrong. The original genius *is* different from the people who surround him. He is a man whose ideas are his own and who takes his own way. He stands out *against* his own time, holds startling opinions, does unusual deeds. His generation does not understand him, and he may even have to pay the tragic penalty of it,—be hated, ostracized, imprisoned, even done to death. But there is a further truth. After we have seen all that can be seen of his difference from others, we have not yet seen the real man. If we look but a little closer, we shall find that, despite the widest gulf which severs the man of genius from common men, there is between him and them a unison of spirit more profound and real than they know; and it is this which makes him great. It is his real oneness with men's own inner souls which makes them feel his power. This it is which makes his words come home to them whether they will or not, and makes them feel that he is right even while they try to disbelieve him. In the long run, the power of the genius over his less enlightened brethren rests on the fact that he and they are built of the same material. He knows what they know, has been where they have been, has learnt all that they have learnt, *and outreaches them*. He turns out to be different from them, not because he belongs to some other world or other order of things, but simply because he has learnt better than they what they too have tried to learn. That apparently most preposterous view which he thinks right, is just what his generation would have seen to be right, had they learnt well their own lessons. They have but to read back their own history, listen to their own teachers, copy their own heroes as deeply and truly as he has done, to see that his policy, his theory, his style or method was the right one. That rebellion of his against the past was really what all the past had been waiting for, had people only had eyes to

see. The proof of all which is that they come to see,—they, or their children. Tardily, one after another, the great man's contemporaries and successors *come* to understand him,—yield to follow in his footsteps, accept his reading of things, embrace his despised and rejected message as a very gospel, and raise their altars to the prophet they have stoned.

Personality, then, whether of a great man or of any one of ourselves, is simply so much of the wisdom of the world brought into the focus of an individual life. The elements of it lie, so to speak, diffused all about us, in books, in teachers, in the political and moral and religious usages of our time, in the traditions we inherit, in the habits we form, in the language we learn, in the whole social atmosphere which envelops us. And just because these common influences are the very material of our personality, personality itself is no such unintelligible thing as it is sometimes represented to be. A man's personality is not some peculiar treasure in his breast, some mysterious flickering flame of inward fire which he can only describe in metaphors, and which he must set about trying to 'cultivate' before he can possess it. To cultivate personality is of course a laudable aim. What one wants to condemn are only the strange misconceptions which gather round the endeavor. It is not a process of morbidly groping in the entrails of one's own mind, feeling about for some impalpable elusive something which very likely isn't there. Personality *is* just one's centralized experience of the world, and there is no way of making it greater except by making that experience greater and more centralized, in other words, being a bigger, broader, better man or woman. Every intellectual achievement, every moral victory, every bit of solid work, will leave personality richer, profounder, more delicate. In fact, to cultivate it, the plan is don't cultivate it. Let it alone and do your duty and it will grow.

The function of the great, then, is to fulfill both the

present and the past. But is it any use to try thus to follow in the footsteps of the great in an age when greatness does not thrive? For at the present moment we look around in vain for examples of greatness of the highest type. To say, in fact, that the output of the products and means of the higher culture is becoming too much for us, is just to say in other words that we lack great men. The function of the great man is to preserve us from being thus overwhelmed. The universe pours out upon us, through a thousand natural and human channels, its mass of conflicting truths and tangled purposes, with which we must try as best we can to reckon, seeing we have to live with them. The great man comes to our aid in these circumstances with that which we most of all need, namely, a point of vision. He leads us through the confusion to a position from which at length we can see something in it, or rather to a position from which we can see the whole of it, to *be* something. He gives us ideas of such depth and such universal applicability, that in their light we are able to test new theories, evaluate new movements, set in order new facts and events, and deal with the whole baffling inundation. The confused babel of tongues evolves itself into an articulate story, and the world gradually acquires some meaning again. Now there is, indeed, at the present time the field which would provide scope for people with such ideas. But though there are, at the moment, men and women who exert most widespread influence, no leading mind seems really to fill the arena. However impressive the following of some leaders or movements may be when seen in the mass and seen from within, they inevitably appear insignificant when set against the depth of indifference towards the particular persons or causes, exhibited by the rest of the intelligent world. We lack leaders who really find the common heart of our time,—to whose touch the age will respond as a whole, in the way the nineteenth century responded to some of its great poets and preachers. It is not of course a simple question of the numerical

strength of a man's following. If it were, writers like Ibsen or Tolstoy or Nietzsche might possibly enough rank with Goethe and Carlyle and Ruskin. It is a question of character,—of the degree to which the audience swayed by a writer are representative, and sum up in themselves the ripest experience of their time. Present-day movements, even the greatest of them, seem to propagate views of life too narrow, too intense, and too different from one another, for the age to have been touched at its deepest and in its centre by any one of them. They illuminate sections of life, cast flash-lights of amazing brilliancy upon aspects of the universe; but their power to illuminate these aspects is got by neglecting other spheres. Why, then, in such circumstances, should we care to institute any quest for the whole? Is it not all we can do, in an age like ours, to discover and experiment, to throw out feelers in all directions, and do that over all fields of human enterprise? Is it not our business often, too, to labor in the dark; and may we not even accomplish our best work, like Cromwell, when we do not know whither we are going? It is unavoidable that during such a period much should be produced which no one could set in vital relation to any whole, and of which the great man can make no use. But is it not worth while taking this simply as the hazard of the game?

The answer seems to be that the business of an age which lacks great men is to prepare for their coming. And for this it is not merely material that is required, but prepared material. Obviously the less of sheer waste there is in a people's efforts after higher things, the better it will be. And it is possible for a people to squander its energies and swell the amount of useless thought and merely eccentric culture to an unnecessary degree, under the influence of a false ideal. On that account, the point here urged is of perhaps more than merely academic importance,—the point, namely, that even amidst the present disposition to emphasize the intense, the personal, the novel, the best is only to be reached by seeking what is

not merely intense, but comprehensive, not merely personal, but human, not merely novel, but true. To guide thought and life thus, is to exhibit in concrete form the faith which sees in the present distraction of culture not the symptoms of decay, but the condition of advance. The great of the future, if such there are to be, will inherit from the great of the past. And the material of the present will be the binding link. They will be made possible, therefore, in just the degree to which we grasp the actual material of our own life and form it. In a word, we must, in whatever exploration or pioneering we do, endeavor to let our work be the centre of as much as possible; and refuse to let that pass for work whose affinity with life is narrow and whose range of influence is small. We shall not suffer for that. After all, the total measure of our human good is the amount of life we possess. Our vessel will be full in proportion as we succeed in placing ourselves where the streams of human interest converge. In their own day, the great of the past stood there. And the position we seek, must lie in their direction. It may be more advanced than theirs; it may be in a hundred ways different; but if we are either to be ourselves in the really rich veins of life, or to leave for the great who are to come the material which they can use to the salvation of the world, we must stand in the same line.

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THE IDENTITY OF THE IDEALS.

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THE thesis of this paper is that the ideals of life,—of truth and beauty and virtue,—are identical as regards form or the demands which they set to the concrete will. The difference in our ideal activities lies, not in their form, but in the specific end in which human nature

strives to embody the ideals,—the discovery of truth with its characteristic satisfaction, the creation and joy of beauty, and the making of a social character with its concomitant happiness. In short, the content, not the form, differentiates the ideals.

I. There have been various efforts in the past both towards the unification and the differentiation of the ideals. But both types of effort have been largely futile from the failure to distinguish between the form and the content of ideal activity, between the ideal demands and their concrete embodiments. A word first about the attempts at identification. The kinship of ideals was felt by the ancient Hebrew psalmist in the striking invitation: "Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." But we do not look for abstract analysis in this quarter. We are reminded of a similar poetic identification by Voltaire: "Only truth is beautiful, only virtue is loveable." We naturally look to the philosophers for systematic statement. Here too, however, the identification will be found to be intuitional and fragmentary.

Plato shares with his Greek background the feeling that the good and true and beautiful are somehow one. In the 'Protagoras' he strives to identify the virtues as knowledge, for it is knowledge that must furnish the measure in the evaluation of goods; and insight when present cannot fail to control conduct. Hence the problem of virtue becomes the problem of education. By implication all the values of life are here reduced to truth. In the 'Philebus' he identifies beauty and virtue in terms of their common denominator: "Measure and symmetry are beauty and virtue the world over." In the 'Philebus' and the 'Republic' he makes the good the final genus, including under it truth, virtue, and beauty. In the 'Symposium,' beauty, with its intoxicating contemplation, becomes the supreme ideal. But these are merely brilliant intuitions,—looking now to the form, now to the content of the ideals for unity.

In modern times Shaftesbury has summarized for us

the Greek point of view as regards this essential kinship of the ideals. "What is beautiful is harmonious and proportionable; what is harmonious and proportionable is true; and what is at once both beautiful and true is of consequence agreeable and good." But this statement too is impressionistic. It fails to divorce form and content; and as regards the latter fails to furnish the differentia. It amounts to only a *feeling* for the kinship of the ideals. It does not unravel the problem. The same Greek feeling is to be found in the poet Schiller, as regards the kinship of beauty and virtue, where, on the one hand, beauty refines us into virtue and, on the other, the virtuous life must be looked upon in its perfect stage as the beautiful soul. Lotze, in like manner, feels the kinship of truth and beauty. For him the ultimate self-evidence of the unity of truth "must no longer be called logical but esthetic and accordingly will find the touchstone of its validity no longer in the unthinkableness, but in the plain absurdity of its contrary." And again: "The coherence of the many single elements of truth which enables them to be ranged under a simple fundamental idea may rest upon esthetic propriety."[1] Here too the relation is a matter of intuition, not of clearness and distinctness.

My revered teacher, the late C. C. Everett, came back to the problem of identification again and again. Thus he tells us: "Goodness and beauty are really manifestations of truth."[2] Again: "The three ideas of the reason are simply manifestations of one and the same principle. The first affirms that which is, the second that which ought to be, while in the third we find that which is as it ought to be, the fulfilled perfection."[3] To this relation to the will I shall come back later, but what made Everett feel the kinship was the implication of unity in each ideal.

Lately there has been an attempt to identify the types of value from the biological point of view, sometimes in

[1] Lotze, "Logic" (Eng. Trans.), Vol. II, pp. 329-330.
[2] "The Psychol. Elements of Rel. Faith," p. 148. [3] *Ibid.*, 200.

terms of adjustment and sometimes in terms of satisfaction. But apart from the adequacy of the method, this is after all only the statement of the genus. It still remains to state the differentia in each case, whether of adjustments or satisfactions. Of course this must be done in terms of concrete values. At any rate the fancied unification is only vagueness.

II. If the efforts at unification of ideals have been intuitional and confused, so have the efforts at differentiation. Thus it has been suggested that the esthetic attitude differs from the scientific and moral in that the esthetic object is isolated and sufficient unto itself, while the other attitudes imply larger connections. But in no case can we isolate so as to cut off completely from the background of experience. This is the more of life, which our ideal abstraction is intended to make significant. In each case there must be the fringe, the suggestive value. Art is as meaningless as science, where the individual fails to bring the necessary equipment of experience. The object in any case is a focus of suggestion, an effort, not merely to suppress, but to control association in a definite direction. The suggestions, however, must grow out from the expressed relations,—the object, not from the mere label. They must be continuous with the object and germane to it,—intrinsic and not merely extrinsic, internal and not merely external to the theme. The savage and the child do not discover the beauty in the Angelus because they lack the background of experience to suggest its internal meaning.

Since our ideal strivings are meanings, they *must* in the nature of the case select and abstract such aspects as will make the rest significant. In a measure all idealization is isolation, emphasis. But they must suggest, too, the larger setting and unity. The whole is never the merely presented even in art. We might define art, with more truth, as companionship with the universe, to which the selected aspect furnishes the friendly introduction. Not merely what is presented, but rather what we bring

in the way of experience and demands, is what constitutes artistic creation and appreciation. The selected object is the focus, the nuclear constellation of content, which suggests the richness of concrete experience. All idealization is abstraction, but abstraction not for its own sake, but for the sake of making the concrete significant.

Since in each field the object is constituted by the selective interest, we cannot make this the differentia. In the case of each type of ideal realization, we must know the selective aim for the activity to have meaning. I saw little of merit in a painting before which I stood recently, until I read the subject, "Fleeting Shadows." And then it was marvelous. The artist had selected this aspect, the rest was foil. Lamb refused to admit that $2 \times 2 = 4$ until he knew what use was to be made of it. Whether true or not depends upon the selective aim. Of abstract quantities it is true, but not of human beings. Whether a deed is morally significant or not depends upon the aim. If done from impulse, it is a mere natural event like the falling stone. If done from motive, it indicates a good or mean character. Thus all ideals tend in part to abstract, isolate, frame. But they also have their larger individual and cosmic setting.

It has been customary to credit moral activity with the aim of improvement as contrasted with other types of ideal activity. But it must be clear now that, in neither case, do we take experience as we find it. In each case must the immediate be reconstructed in conformity with our ideal demands. In each case must there be selection, emphasis, suppression of motley details in order to make experience significant. In neither case do we make the facts or data. We create by selection; we bring out the promising relations; we experiment to express in terms of the presented material what we deeply and truly mean as idealizing selves.

Another attempt at differentiation of ideals is based upon their relation to attention. The esthetic ideal, for example, is held to be characterized by spontaneous at-

tention, unconscious creativeness, the immediate absorption of the will, while the scientific and ethical ideals, especially the latter, are held to involve active and strenuous attention. Attention, however, does not furnish conclusive differentia. The moral life cannot be distinguished from the esthetic by the sense of effort involved in the obedience to the moral law. We must be careful not to confuse points of view,—the point of view of the creative activity and that of the spectator of the result. The latter does not necessarily require effort in any case. As regards the former it may require effort in any ideal activity. Working by genius does not mean working without effort, even though genius is more than a dint for hard work. Artists do not necessarily dash off the results which we sometimes find it so easy to appreciate. Few realize the painstaking toil that has entered into what seems to us so spontaneous and satisfying. The original of many a stylist seems fairly lost in the corrections which overlay it. The artist may have spoiled many pictures, with heartrending consciousness lest he should miss the gleam, before he gave us this masterly result. Nor is it an unmistakable sign of art that we should enjoy it immediately,—as it were, love it at first sight. The first impression in the world of art is not, any more than in the world of truth, necessarily most worth while. In either case, the immediate hazy intuition must be made clear and distinct by analysis of the idea of the author in its various moments. This eventually brings back the sense of unity greatly enhanced. In the case of the moral life, temptation and effort may indicate only a bad education. They are no test of the worth of conduct. The really moral life finds socialized conduct, the proper volitional response, largely automatic,—a second nature controlling the primitive type. The sense of effort should be a transition stage to spontaneous obedience of the moral law. In any case idealized conduct means controlled or measured conduct, and this can only be had through training. At

the beginning of the ideal life the gods set labor. Spontaneous mastery, absorbed attention in the ideal object, in the case of any ideal activity, logical, esthetic, or moral, is the fruit of training and self-control. The feeling of effort indicates the novice. It has nothing to do with the worth of the activity. Some people could not give spontaneous attention to anything but rag time. That does not make them moral.

Each form of ideal activity has its ought, its sense of incompleteness, the command of the ideal, or, to use Professor Palmer's phrase, the command of the whole to the part. Beauty and truth as creative activities have their ought as well as the moral law,—their sense of failure, their feeling for potential wholeness, "which bids us neither sit nor stand but go" that we may attain the ideal. From life's larger point of view, at any rate, the poet, as well as the sick soul cowering before the categorical imperative, feels the discrepancy between what is and what ought to be. Hence the sense of fragmentariness, hence the effort at improvement. The ought characterizes all ideal realization in the process of becoming; and seldom, especially in the deeper genius, is the process complete. Tragic is the moment when he can say to his life's ideal: *"Verweile doch du bist so schön."* Spontaneous genius seldom, if ever, exists outside of the story books.

Sometimes, indeed, for a limited purpose, the consciousness of discrepancy between attainment and ideal scarcely enters into the particular judgment. Sometimes a particular truth seems to come as a flash of intuition, the brief lyric pours itself into a final mold in an ecstatic birth of beauty, the good deed comes with a sense of enthusiasm and self-surrender instead of effort. Each viewed in its isolation seems final and satisfying. But such cases are exceptions, and, even so, are the gift of a previous set, subconsciously incubated in the meantime. Goethe's Faust required a life time of labor to produce and takes as long to appreciate.

As regards results, that is, life as a whole, here too no

sharp line can be drawn. It is no detraction from beauty that it has results on our larger activity. On the contrary, it inevitably has such results and must be judged in a measure by them. Art has no license to violate our other ideal demands. It must be true to science in dealing with an actual world. It cannot make its own anatomy or space perspective. It must be estimated in scientific terms, even though it is not science. So likewise must it be considered with reference to the larger race life. It has subserved and still subserves a use in race survival. As the grown man's play it has its important place in the economy of human life. To be beautiful an object must be idealized, *i. e.*, liberated from the sensuous. Its suggestion must be *ideal* suggestion. Thus it purifies. The same can be said of truth. Truth has its results, its larger setting in life. While it may not be pursued for its use, it has its use in making life more efficient. While it is not morality, it is a noble pursuit and gives dignity and calm to the soul. Nor is the moral ideal to be judged merely by effects. It is sometimes, notably in its highest instances, tragically out of accord with its temporary environment. Sometimes it is permanently impracticable, though nevertheless noble and inspiring. Extreme otherworldliness, 'love your enemies,' mystical union, *etc.*, may never become practical types, but nevertheless they furnish noble reliefs and corrective view-points to our workaday, prudential world.

If we try to differentiate the ideals from the point of view of development, we must be consistent. We must be careful to take them from the same standpoint. If we look at them as ideal results or in retrospect, they of course cannot develop. The past as such does not change. The hypothesis of Thales, whether true or mistaken, marks a mile post in science. The emancipation proclamation taken as a deed remains what it is. It may be evaluated as a historic event independent of the agent. So with the art work. Schubert's unfinished symphony is as finished as it is going to be.

If, however, we take the creative point of view, the particular results become moments in a life history. Hypotheses are steps in discovery, deeds are the marking places in the progressive realization of will, each successive work unfolds the larger motives and possibilities of the artist. Each Madonna of Raphael gives not only the spectator, but the artist an additional insight into his idealized conception of womanhood; and in the series we can see improvement, clearer consciousness of aim. Finished results,—absolutely finished,—are but an illusion from the creative point of view, a testimony to our limitations.

If you look again at ideal striving with reference to the plasticity of its world, it would seem at first glance as though we had struck a profound difference. Truth seems to most people to deal with a rigid, predetermined constitution, given outright, while in ethics, in a strenuous way, and in esthetics, in perhaps a genial way, we must somehow and to some extent alter the world to fit our ideals. The contrast, I think, is more superficial than real. Truth, so far as it is our activity, is a genuinely creative process. If there is an absolute truth, our efforts must indeed seem feeble copies to an omniscient spectator. But we have no first-hand knowledge of an absolute truth any more than we have an intuition of absolute beauty. So far as our finite experience is concerned, we create truth,—as we create institutions and art,—to meet our needs. In neither case do we proceed independent of experience. We must select out of its richness the significant aspects. In neither case do we make the laws arbitrarily, but rather discover their implications in our nature. In the last analysis, in either case, we may be imitating an absolute mind, but that does not alter our finite problem. The realm of truth is as plastic in the hands of the potter as the world of beauty. The seemingly more rigid character of the former is due to taking truth in retrospect instead of in prospect, as made rather than in the making.

The contrasts which we have examined have been made so striking by taking ideal activities from different points of view,—the point of view of the spectator being contrasted with that of the producer, the part-point of view with the whole-point of view, the point of view of effort with the point of view of mastery, the point of view of the internal meaning with the point of view of the external relations. We can look at any of our ideal activities from these and other points of view. We can, for example, look at beauty from the point of view of creative activity or from the point of view of the spectator or assimilator. So in the case of truth or virtue. We can look at separate results,—separate concepts, separate deeds, or separate pictures,—or we can regard them from the point of view of a self-realizing process of truth, beauty, and virtue. In any case we must be careful in comparing the ideals to adopt the same point of view for each comparison,—to compare development with development, creative activity with creative activity, finished product with finished product, etc. The confusing of points of view led to the failure of the above comparisons.

So long as we regard our ideal activities from the same point of view, we find that what we can say of one ideal in the way of formal characterization we can always say of the others. There may be pedagogical convenience in setting the ideals over against each other for certain purposes. But the difference finally does not lie in the form, but in the content. In our survey we have seen how some have emphasized the abstract character of truth as wholly abstract. Some have emphasized the selective character of art as complete isolation. Some have emphasized the infinite demand of the moral law and contrasted it with the finitude of our other ideals. But these are not fair contrasts. They are not made from the same point of view. The abstractions of truth must be made, as must the selections of art and virtue, in the service of attaining a larger insight into the concreteness of life, not for the sake of abstraction. Art, like truth and virtue, only

isolates for clearness and distinctness. The seeming isolation of the frame,—of the specific science, of the particular art work, of the particular life-conduct,—merges in its depths into the cosmic background and can be understood only with reference to this. The object as framed in the focus of attention serves but to suggest a vague sentiment or 'recollection' of the constitution of the universe which makes certain ideal demands upon itself through us and in which the sharp outlines of our abstraction fade into the moving, continuous woof of reality. The larger part of the meaning is always in the fringe. And if the ideal, as in the case of moral striving, appears as an infinite imperative, this is no less true of our other ideal demands in so far as we dwell upon the prospective, creative side and measure the felt potentialties of human nature in terms of its finite attainment. We must strive to bring clearness and distinctness not only into the ideal object, but we must bring such clearness and distinctness into the relations of the ideals themselves, and thus rescue them from the confusion of mixed view-points.

III. Having laid down the thesis that the ideals, as abstract or formal, are identical in all our striving for evaluation, we must now try to make clear what these ideals are. It will be seen on scrutiny that our ideal activity implies four demands which the object must meet. They may be stated as unity, harmony, simplicity, and universality. In the first place there must be *unity*. The various parts of the situation must be capable of being understood in terms of one idea, they must follow from a common principle or purpose which they are seen to embody. This can be shown in scientific synthesis, whether inductive or deductive. A generalization is never a mere collection or summary of particulars. The mere cinematographic registration of facts in repetitive memory does not constitute truth. The sequence of rain and sunshine, weddings and divorces, births and funerals is a meaningless show unless we can read the sequence in terms of

a universal. Events, in order to be science, must be seen to follow from an hypothesis, and the hypothesis from the events. They must, for our pragmatic purposes at least, embody an idea or tendency. Bodies must not merely fall, but they must be predictable in terms of a mathematical law; life must not merely present a riotous sequence of change, but there must be within it a tendency to change in definite ways. There must be overlapping, the unity of a universal.

The same is true in art. What we must first discover in the object of beauty is the idea expressed in the details, the universal embodied in the diversity of parts. This universal may not lie at the surface. You must live in the presence of the Sistine Madonna, you must be willing to give serious study to Hamlet, to grasp the significant unity. Else the Sistine painting is a collection of more or less pleasing figures, Hamlet a series of more or less interesting episodes. You can't go to sleep over the great master-pieces any more than over the great scientific hypotheses and grasp their significance. You must enter into the creative idea of the artist.

What is true of science and art is likewise true of virtue. The virtuous life is not a series of episodes,—of more or less beneficent impulsive acts. Such a life is non-moral. You must find the meaning, the motive, the idea to be realized in the multitude of events and choices. They must be strung on a universal in the light of which they can be interpreted. If you are taking account of life as a spectator, you must put yourself at the actor's point of view, or as nearly so as your human limitations permit. Not only through the ages, but through the acts of each individual will with which you strive to sympathize, there must run a purpose. The shallow excuse: I did not mean it, is an attempt to place oneself outside of moral responsibility. When it is clear that a deed follows from no principle, we not only individually, but legally, abandon the ethical criterion of good or bad. We see then that the first demand upon ideal activity, whether

taken from the agent's or the spectator's point of view, is the discovery of an idea or universal in the variety of facts.

In the second place, in all ideal activity there must be *harmony,*—the parts must support or reënforce each other within a whole. Take it first in the realm of science: Facts must lean on ideas, and ideas on facts. There must be fluency of transitions or adjustments. There must be not merely evidence, but organized disjunctive evidence, where the parts supplement and reenforce each other. And the evidence must be adequate. It must be proportional in complexity to the idea which it aims to support. We cannot rest a momentous hypothesis on slender evidence and feel security or ease in the relation any more than we can rest an immense edifice on slender pillars and have our will satisfied with the result.

Harmony in science means not merely organization within one hypothesis, but it means also that hypothesis must support and reënforce hypothesis within the overlapping fields of experience. Species must supplement each other, as well as individual lean upon individual within the larger kind which we strive to define. Harmony, organization, is therefore of the very nature of scientific system. One negative instance, one outstanding fact which fails to support the rest within the scope of the idea, destroys the idea's claim to express the facts of the kind and challenges to a new idea.

In art the importance of harmony is even more obvious. It is not enough that each part bears the imprint of the idea, like a heap of stamped bricks, but they must mutually reënforce the idea. In Guido Reni's "Aurora" every part testifies to the glory of the coming day. But more than that, each part helps to reënforce the idea. Movement, brilliancy, color, beauty of form, contrast,—all coöperate and converge to fasten the attention to the idea of nature's oft-repeated wonder. In dramatic opera the human voice, the instrumental music, the scenic setting, the acting,—all combine to reënforce the idea of

the composer. Let either be false, and the harmony is marred.

That harmony is essential to the moral life has been emphasized both by common speech and by the philosopher. The moral life is the balanced life, the rounded life, the life in which each tendency of human nature plays its proper part, each event receives its proper emphasis. Even with unity of motive a life can easily be marred by wrong emphasis, by making the trivial into the focal and the important into the by-play. The virtuous life is the life which gives each interest and moment its due. It is a just life. What harmony in each case,—logical, esthetic, and moral,—emphasizes is that each part has a claim which must be recognized; and in turn that no part must stand by itself. It *has* a claim, but it is a claim within a whole. The parts must support the principal idea; but this they can do only when the idea is adequate to incorporate the parts.

Again, all ideal activity demands *simplicity* or *economy*. The ideal tolerates nothing superfluous. It is jealous of its rights to express itself. Sometimes the characteristic of simplicity has been emphasized as all sufficient to define ideal activity. Truth is simple, beauty is simple, virtue is simple. So they are. But simplicity alone does not define these attitudes. In the first place, simplicity is meaningless until you specify your type of unity. It expresses the negative rather than the positive side of ideal selection. Again, simplicity does not necessarily mean agreement or harmony within the unity. We must not read the parts out of court, as has so often been done, for the sake of simplicity. Parmenides did so and left nothing but empty being,—neither true, nor beautiful, nor virtuous. Simplicity is only one ideal demand and must be pursued in harmony with the other demands.

In science, the demand for simplicity means that entities or hypotheses must not be multiplied. The simplest hypothesis which will meet the facts is regarded as scientifically true. Our theories must be molded upon reality

as we must take it in our experience. While the more complex Ptolemaic astronomy might be made to meet the facts by cumbrous additions, we believe that the simpler Copernican system comes nearer expressing the real stellar relations. We must reduce our theory to the fewest principles which will meet the situation.

In art, as in science, simplicity is a fundamental demand, but here too simplicity must vary with the idea to be expressed. Hamlet cannot be expressed in as simple terms as the clown. The idea must have adequate complexity. Where, however, the inferior artist betrays his lack of genius is in the superfluous details, the obscuring promiscuity. No wonder art has seemed the mere removal of the superfluous, the chiseling away of the extraneous marble. This point of view, however, forgets that marbles do not come veined with Apollos and Venuses and that simplicity itself is meaningless except with reference to the selective idea.

In the moral life, too, simplicity is important. There must be directness of aim, the suppression of irrelevant detail, emphasis of the essential. How many a life loses itself in the mere multitude of busy episodes. The great life differs from the small in its simplicity, as the novel differs from gossip. Here again simplicity is not the only demand. Mephistopheles is more simple than Faust. We must judge life by its type of unity and the adequacy of this unity to harmonize the claims of life. There may be over-specialization as well as too much complexity. The idea alone can decide what details to suppress, what tendencies to emphasize.

Finally, all ideal activity implies *universality* in the sense of social objectivity. This does not mean a consensus of all. It means that those with adequate development and training should be able to share with the agent the ideal object. Ideal activity cannot terminate in mere private states of consciousness. This again can be seen in all the varieties of content which the ideal may take. First of all, there can be no private truth. The processes

of truth must be capable of verification by other observers. Else we have mythology, hallucination, error. Science is primarily a social institution, the outgrowth of our common mental constitution and common situations. Neither can beauty be private. It may require development and culture on the part of the spectators. But if no one but one should ever find an object beautiful, we would probably regard him as having a queer taste. Art, too, is a social institution, our common joy in creative activity and its results. It must define common situations. The social character of the ideal becomes still more striking in the case of the moral life. We may overlook an individual's erroneous thinking, we may laugh at his outlandish taste, but we cannot neglect his anti-social conduct. Our ethical judgments are through and through social judgments,—the balancing of claims from their fitness to a common life. True, the immediate social environment may prove wrong. It may give the hemlock to Socrates and crucify Jesus. But to some social environment our conduct must seem valid and fruitful, if we are at length to be pronounced moral. Only the immoral man claims an ethics of his own, and he only as an exception for himself, not for others. Even the fruits of vice could not be enjoyed in an anti-social world.

We have seen so far how in each mode of ideal activity the ideal is identical. It is the content that individuates. We have examined in turn the four characteristics of the ideal and their application to the different ideal activities. The question may be raised: Cannot these characteristics be still more simplified? This has been attempted in the past. I shall only note one such possibility, and that is the reduction of our ideal categories to the demand for clearness and distinctness. Descartes made this the final criterion of truth. It has been suggested by Hildebrand as the final criterion of art. I believe that such a reduction is impossible if we give this criterion the subjective significance which Descartes attached to it. We must reduce it to its 'cash value,' in terms of

the relations which we discover within the content that embodies the idea. What people *feel* to be clear and distinct is as various as their tastes; and so long as we place the criterion on a subjective basis, we can have no standardization. In fact a criterion which needs to be standardized, as Descartes tried to standardize clearness and distinctness by an appeal to a God who would not deceive, is hardly a criterion. If, on the other hand, we give clearness and distinctness a pragmatic significance, it will be found to imply all the ideal characteristics already stated. Pragmatically, it becomes the clear and distinct expression of an idea in its selected content, or the clarifying of the content in terms of the idea. For such clear and distinct expression must have unity within the parts. The idea must include the facts, or the facts must fall within the idea. There must be organization or the mutual support of the parts. There must be no irrelevant details. There must be social objectivity. Just because the idea is thus pragmatically clear and distinct, it must compel the social approval of the competent.

IV. If ideals are differentiated by their matter and not by their form, we must cast a passing glance at the content of the ideals. From the point of view of content, we may take human nature in its three classic modes as cognitive, as appreciative, and as volitional, bearing in mind that ideals have no application at all until human nature attains the complexity of being consciously selective. Ideal demands, when applied to the relation of ideas to perceptions and to other ideas, become the quest for science. To attain fluency, harmony, simplicity, and universality as regards the agreement of the idea with the constitution which it intends is ideal realization in the realm of knowing. But we have an affective nature, too, and objects must be measured not merely in terms of their existence, but in terms of their value. To make objects fluent, harmonious, clear and distinct, and universal, so far as our human affective nature is concerned, constitutes ideal realization in the realm of appreciation.

Lastly, our volitional claims must be measured in terms of other volitional claims in individual and social history. To fulfill the ideal demands of fluency, harmony, simplicity, and universality in the realm of our volitional conduct, constitutes ideal realization in terms of virtue.

We would have, then, as our criterion the clearness and distinctness of the idea as expressed in the selected object,—the object of thought, the object of feeling, the object of voluntary conduct. When the clearness and distinctness pertains to agreement with a selected constitution, we have truth; when it pertains to appreciation, we have art; when it pertains to the evaluation of will, we have morality. In either case the idea must be adequate, it must be economic, it must leave no outstanding details. The difference is not in the ideal, but in the process or object selected.

It is evident that, of the three, the last overlaps, in a vital way, the other aspects of our nature. Indeed it is impossible except for abstract purposes to treat human nature as divided into compartments. The ideational activity would be but a pale ghost except as floating in the affective and volitional background. In turn, beauty must have meaning, and so involves the ideational side. All creative activity finally must have its spring in the will and its tendencies. If ideals are identical in their form, they also overlap in their matter. They must blend in the unity of the one life.

I have tried to show that our ideal activities are identical as regards their form, the ideal demands to be realized. By this insistence I do not mean to ignore the fact that the ideal, as *realized* in the different modes of human nature, differentiates into unique species. Science, art, and morality are different in the concrete, as truly as they are identical in the abstract. They constitute specific embodiments of the will. When we seek truth, we do not seek beauty as our aim, when we seek beauty we do not seek morality. Satisfactions they all are; and as such they are all included in the good, as Plato pointed

out long ago. But they are different species of the good. Each works within a certain type of material or instrument, through which it realizes its function in making clear and distinct the end. The matter or instrument of science is conceptual relations; the matter of art is concrete imagination; the matter of ethics is impulse. Each sets itself certain limitations, respects the nature of its material. The ideal, in the case of truth-seeking, sets itself the limitation of agreement with a selected constitution, abstract or concrete. That our will sometimes figures as a creative factor in this constitution, that it *makes* ideas come true, does not alter the necessity for our cognitive nature to take account of the facts as made, of discovering the laws in the sequence. While human nature must make ideal demands upon the universe to have truth, it can only succeed provided that the universe lends itself to such idealization. We cannot legislate arbitrarily to nature. We must try to discover clearness and distinctness *within* the relations of nature. That success here is possible is due to the fact that reason is not an arbitrary addition to nature, but that reason grows up in the soil of nature, is nature's reflection upon itself.

In beauty the aim is not the breaking up and systematizing of reality for the discovery of its constitution, but for the sake of social and constant objects of enjoyment,—the joy in activity and contemplation on the part of the developing, historic will. This producing of agreement between nature and our affective-emotional human nature is a different value or satisfaction from that which our search for truth yields. Here too, however, nature and human nature must conspire. As parts of the evolution of nature, we are such and nature is such, that we can discern relations and objects which furnish permanent and spontaneous joy in the play of our faculties. We are made for the sunset as much as the sunset is made for us.

Finally, the ethical end in the concrete is the harmonious adjustment of the individual to the historic social will,—the discovery of right or justice in the measure of

volitional claims. Here, too, life or nature lends itself to such adjustments of claims. Our ideal demands are found to be practical and, in the progressive realization of the meaning of life, the only practical ways of social conduct. Nature again conspires with human nature.

While the concrete values or ways of realization are different for thought, feeling, and character; while they lead to unique satisfaction of the will, they must support and supplement each other, and, because subjected to the same ideal demands, they must fundamentally and ultimately agree with each other. That is, the truth must, without surrendering its specific character as true, also be found beautiful and noble; and so with the other ideal values. "Human nature in its progressive realization can be seen to be fundamentally one, and the realization of the true must be seen to be fundamentally bound up with the right and the beautiful, and all to be species of the good of the entire self, though this does not prevent us from recognizing certain differentia in this ultimate good. The good in the concrete always means proper functioning on the part of human nature in its various relations, the harmonious activity of all its capacities, fluency of life, consistency of transitions. The right means fluency of functioning as regards human individuals in their institutional relations, the proportional equalization of claims. The beautiful means the harmonious and complete expression of our ideal demands in terms of our affective nature, the feeling of fitness and support as regards the various parts of the esthetic object. Truth means the fluent termination of the clear and distinct idea in its intended facts. In the equilibrated life of the individual as a whole, all human nature, — cognitive, emotional, and volitional, — must function with ease and fluency of transition without any conflict of the activity for the true with the realization of the beautiful or the right. They are nevertheless *specific* forms of the good; and, in our imperfect finite develop-

ment there may be provisional discord."[4] In the meantime, while the conflict is partial and halting, the unity on the formal side is clear and eternal.

It is clear that, in idealizing human nature as individual, the same ideal demands hold as in the case of the modal types of realization. Here, too, there must be unity, harmony, simplicity, and universality. An ultimate ideal must be found comprehensive enough to include all of our human tendencies. Further, the parts must harmonize or reënforce each other. The part-ideals must work together so as to supplement and interpenetrate within the whole of life. Here, too, there must be simplification and universality. Within life in its wholeness there can be no conflict of reason.

Such wholeness, however, we fail to find within our finite human realization. And as our nature must be loyal to such a wholeness or perfection and cannot rest in the provisional and partial realization, the religious consciousness, the conception and worship of God, must eke out our finite limitations. In our religious loyalty we feel that our ideals are concretely realized. Religion adds no new values to those already mentioned. But it adds the sense of completeness, of unification, and of conservation to our finite ideal strivings. The identity of the abstract form is here exchanged for the unique unity of an individual life, in which form and content are fully blended, where the unity of the ideal purpose embraces all the facts, where the parts all support each other, where there is clearness and distinctness of relationships of parts, and where all mere subjectivity disappears in the organized whole. This final unity of concrete interpenetration is at the other end from the abstract formal ideals which we have considered.

The end of life is to transcend finality, in the sense of abstract ideals with their sense of obligation, and to reach spontaneity,—unity of form and content, perfect activity.

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[4] "Truth and Reality," Macmillan, 1911, pp. 238, 239.

In a perfect being the ideals interpenetrate each other as they clothe themselves in a matter no longer foreign to themselves, but their idealized and transfigured embodiment. This living unity we worship as God.

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THE VALUE OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY *

HELEN WODEHOUSE.

IN *The Manchester Guardian* of June 29th, 1911, there occurred the following paragraph: "The nerves of the dockers were in a jumpy state. . . . They were in the mood for anything, either to leave their work or to go on with it, and the bare shouting of the word 'strike' seems to have turned the balance of their minds on the side of leaving it. . . . Men ran along the docks shouting 'Strike! strike!' and with scarcely an inquiry as to why they were striking men stopped work."

Beginners in psychology, I find, commonly lay down the rule, "Every man seeks what after deliberation he proposes to himself as his greatest good," or "Every man does at all times what he thinks will bring him the greatest pleasure in the long run."

Of late years a good many books have been written on such subjects as 'social psychology,' 'crowd psychology,' 'human nature in politics'; and a great part of the authors' endeavor, though not the whole, has been directed towards emphasizing such observations as my first quotation gave, in opposition to the doctrine stated in my second. When we think of it, we must all recognize that we have made similar observations ourselves, and yet the incompatible doctrine keeps possession of part of our minds. The philosophical thinker in each of us is apt

* A lecture delivered to the Leeds Summer School of the Workers' Educational Association, 1911.

still to assume that everyone acts rationally for some clear purpose, and to argue accordingly. The practical politician in each of us acts on a different assumption, and puts up such notices as those I saw last month on a Yorkshire wall: "Vote for Robinson, Everybody's Man." "Vote for Robinson and Win." When we are conducting an election, we believe that voters can be moved by bold assertion without argument, that they are affected by a vivid picture, by a flag, by a song, by continued suggestion and by mass of suggestion, by old habits and obscure instincts and innumerable chances. Yet at the next opportunity the former compartment of mind is likely enough to come uppermost again, and if we are democrats, we may justify democracy by our belief in the free and intelligent voter; in the clear-headed citizen making up his mind, unbribed and unconstrained, as to the measure which will bring him the greatest good in the long run. Even constraint, we may think in this mood, has little power; or we used to think so. In 1870 it was possible to write:

> Are ye so strong, O kings, O strong men? Nay,
> Waste all ye will and gather all ye may,
> Yet one thing is there that ye shall not slay,
> Even thought, that fire nor iron can affright.
>
> The woundless and invisible thought that goes
> Free throughout time as north or south wind blows;
> Far throughout space as east or west sea flows,
> And all dark things before it are made bright.

In 1912 it is written that if rich people thought it worth while to buy up the whole of the halfpenny press, they could slay most of the thought of England.

Now of course there is truth in both these doctrines, as in most pairs of incompatible beliefs. Social psychologists are occupied at present with bringing forward one side of the truth, to which in their opinion less than justice has been done; and this may sometimes lead them to neglect the complementary element or seem to neglect it. They intend, however, now and always to sug-

gest to us particularly that humanity is a very odd and complex machine, and that if we try to govern it or to make it govern itself, we had better study it and realize what its nature is. For instance, they suggest we had better read their books.

To this claim an able reply has been made which, in part, I wish to consider in this paper. Mr. Guy Field, in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, 1910, has an article on "The Fallacy of the Social Psychologist," in which he urges two chief arguments. In the first place, he says, social psychology tells us nothing new or useful that properly belongs to it. "Political observation of this kind is not new, and is not in the strict sense a science. . . . It is work for the man of practical political experience, not for the laboratory psychologist. . . . This empirical work is constantly being carried on: and by some it is done well, and by some badly. But it is absurd to suggest that there is anything new about it, or that a necessary condition of its successful prosecution is a knowledge of the standard works on psychology." Secondly, Mr. Field says, what the politician needs is not so much either psychology or empirical observation, as ethics. No doubt we ought to know what people will probably do, but it is far more important to know what they ought to do. It is useful to know that they are not reasonable, but only that we may train them to reason.

I wish to intervene in this controversy without making a direct reply to either side as a whole; and to try to explain what, in my opinion, the use of social psychology should come to be. To Mr. Field's first point, the distinction between psychology and empirical observation, I attach no great importance. A science cannot thus be ruled off from empirical observation until the science has entered on a stage of growth in which empirical observation can no longer contribute to it anything of value. Physics and chemistry have perhaps reached this stage; psychology, except in certain specialized branches, will probably never reach it. For the present the street and

the pollingbooth and the agent's office are as useful to psychology as the laboratory is, and therefore belong to it as legitimately. No doubt one writer out of zeal for his subject, or another out of respect for what is not his own subject, may exaggerate the novelty of his material and his conclusions. But to lay much stress upon the statement that these are 'not psychology' would be to turn an important question into a matter of words. The office of psychology is to collect, develop, formulate, and enforce the lessons of practical experience, and to remind us of them whenever we need it. From its performance of this function, what hopes may we have for the improvement of political thought?

In the first place, the deliberate collection and discussion of observations made on human nature has, I consider, a real chance of popularizing various useful pieces of knowledge about human nature, and thereby of hindering various false theories on the subject.

Coming home in the train from school as a child, I remember overhearing a conversation about some acquaintance of the speaker's who had suffered from consumption. "They took such care of her, you can't think; there was never a breath of air came into that house; but she died." This conversation would hardly be possible now, simply because the knowledge of certain medical facts has been more popularly diffused. Ignorant or instructed, people will have medical theories of some sort, and if they are not taught to believe that windows should be open they will believe on equally strong principles that they should be shut. Similarly, people will inevitably have psychological theories of some sort, and theories much wider than can be based on their own observations. The result of having but a narrow experience of human nature, and no supplementing of that experience, is not that the person generalizes less than he otherwise would do, but that he generalizes in a far more abstract and unjustifiable way. Popular thought will invent in a moment and support forever the doctrine that instincts are unalterable

and infallible, or that everyone acts for the sake of pleasure, or that it is of no use to educate the children of a burglar on account of their 'criminal heredity.' There will be psychological beliefs of some sort, bad if not good, and if social psychology becomes a fashionable study, it may possibly make some of them a little better. In this way the professional student might even come to influence the plain man's view on the antagonism of races or the boarding-out of pauper children.

I would mention one belief in particular that I hope might be hindered: the belief in the singleness and simpleness of ordinary motives. We need to render finally impossible such writing as states that the desire for wealth is the sole motive to productive labor; that though "some may feel themselves still able to argue that the desire for social inequality is capable of being replaced by some other desire," yet only one is proposed as possible, "the desire for the welfare of the human race at large. It is general benevolence, as opposed to private selfishness." This leaves two motives (possibly three) conceivable though not compatible, but another writer has only one. "Of anything approaching to confiscatory socialism there is no real danger. Man is not by nature socialistic. He will, as a plain matter of fact, continue to love himself better than his neighbor, to seek in the first place his own advantage." Socialism may be impossible, but it cannot be met by such arguments as this; yet they are put forward, not by dead 'classical economists,' but by living authorities.[1] We may hope that the spread of psychological knowledge may gradually render it more difficult to speak with such confident simplicity of that extraordinarily complicated creature, man.

The belief in simple motives has its necessary supplement in another idea which we may hope to see weak-

[1] Mallock, "Social Equality," p. 208; and Edmund Vincent, essay in "A Plea for Liberty." A doctor told me the other day that he happened to know for a fact that Lloyd George was actuated simply by the desire to obtain votes in order that he might retain his salary as Chancellor.

ened,—the belief in other people's wilful wickedness. Our nurse, needing to find a single motive to account for our complicated behavior, could only find one, "You think of nothing but how you can give the most trouble." In education this belief has really been rather seriously discredited, by the spread of what in spite of Mr. Field I can only call a juster psychology. But in politics it is still possible to believe in the 'utter selfishness of the working man,' and the 'cynical brutality of the landlord class,' and the deceitfulness of 'the sixty million crafty scoundrels who inhabit the German empire.' Yet even here it is becoming scarcely possible to condemn our opponents as heartily as our fathers did.

Once more, we may be helped to disbelieve not only in simple motives, but in simple satisfactions. I canvassed once for a woman candidate for a city council, and was rewarded by the phrase of a voter who explained that he wished to see every woman in her proper position, "well dressed, fairly stout, with a comfortable mind, and her feet on a nice carpet."

Besides thus popularizing some knowledge which may hinder us from forming hasty theories, the spread of psychological thought may help us in another way,—by inculcating a certain habit of mind. As we come to realize more vividly the intricacy of the machine with which we have to do, we may come to think more of the care needed in our own dealings with it. To a man like Tolstoy, the machinery seemed so simple that he disregarded it altogether. "The question," he said, "is not, what kind of community-life is best, but, What are *you* going to do as a reasonable being appearing for a brief moment in the world, who may depart at any moment? . . . I know nothing of the results, I only know what one must do." This is a dangerous manner of thought, in spite of the nobility which prompted it.

In general, an acquaintance with psychology should strengthen the habit of thinking carefully of method. In education and in politics it is already doing so. Contrast

the attitude of the modern trained teacher with that of the old-style matron of an orphanage, who explained to me at the top of her voice that "of course you've got to *make* children do things." Contrast the attitude of the experienced political or social worker with that of a young naval officer of my acquaintance, learning reluctantly how to bring voters to the poll: "But I should *make* them go." I cannot help thinking that a somewhat similar attitude is suggested by Mr. Field's essay. "It is important to know how people will probably act . . . but this . . . knowledge is really only a part, and the less important part, of the necessary qualifications for a politician. . . . It is far more important that he should make up his mind clearly as to how they ought to act, or how he wishes them to act." The statement is true, of course; and yet it calls up a vision of practical problems attacked in a spirit that would be likely to end in ill feeling at least. It is important to know not only how people ought to act, but how only they are able to act, and by what means they can be helped to change.

In the third place, by guarding us against wrong beliefs about human nature, the social psychologist may guard us also against a wrong political philosophy. Something has been written of the possible bad effects of the study of social psychology in the way of producing cynicism in young politicians. I cannot, however, imagine anything more dangerous for a young politician than to go into politics believing that the gift of the suffrage is justified by the wisdom, broad-mindedness, and clear-mindedness of the electors. In the actual work of an election he will see his intelligent citizens and notice what motives seem to affect them. He will stand by the polling-booth in the evening when a kindly policeman explains to him (as to the present writer) that "it does take a long time to sign a paper when you can see two or three of them." Politics and democracy become 'a queer business' and then 'a dirty business,' and the council chamber where a woman must not speak turns with strange speed

into the arena where she may not go. We can remain democrats only if we find and hold a deeper political philosophy. Social psychology will not provide this, but it ought to help us by rendering the false philosophy impossible, and ruling it out of all reference in the arguments of democrats and anti-democrats alike.

In the same way, the spread of psychological knowledge may guard us against misleading ideals. "It is no good insisting on the fact," says Mr. Field, "that the great majority of actions are not done from rational motives. We should try to secure that they should be." Well, something, much indeed, may be done. We shall not abolish habit and suggestibility, but we may train them, use them, and guard against abuse. To this end are directed the proposals for purifying elections, for instance, whether by holding elections on Sunday, by closing public houses, or by promoting better education and training in practical responsibility. Further, as Mr. Field himself recognizes, useful self-consciousness is likely to be increased in some cases by the actual increase of the knowledge of danger. But in all such endeavors we must be on our guard against an important ambiguity in the phrase 'rational conduct.' Mr. Field writes:

> The whole situation shows clearly that what people are in need of is a process of intellectualizing the emotions. That is to say, we must make conscious and explicit all the desires and impulses which are moving us to action. We must know exactly what are the different things which we want. And then we must criticise them, place them side by side, compare them, and weigh them against each other. We must realize that we cannot satisfy all the desires which contradict each other. . . . We must endeavour to get all this clearly, and then, whatever our choice is, we shall at least have taken it with our eyes open.

The writer himself adds, "We may admit that in few, if any, can this process be brought to perfection." To pursue such an ideal is, in fact, surely to court despair. Somehow we must get a clearer view of the kind of rationality we can hope for, and I should like to propose this as the next problem for the professional psychologist,

with a few words to indicate its nature. Reasonableness in the sense of wholeness is not the same as reasonableness in the sense of distinctness and explicitness, and what we need above all is the first and not the second. Scarcely any of us, in the most important moments of our lives, can have gone through the process described by Mr. Field, yet in the most important sense we have acted reasonably. What is all-important is not the making conscious and explicit (good as that may be), but the permeation and shaping of the whole nature by its highest elements; not the abolition of the sub-rational, but its molding by reason.

May we hope, finally, that psychology will not destroy political enthusiasm but rather give it a juster basis? "I believe politics to be an extremely practical kind of business," writes an American author, "and that the communities which succeed best in it are those who bring least enthusiasm to the conduct of their affairs."[2] A Frenchman describes the perfectly successful State of the future as presided over by an aluminum statue of Louis Philippe, set in a public garden which is planted with cauliflowers and common laurels.[3] The enthusiasm, however, which greater knowledge is thus to abolish, perhaps need not be particularly regretted. It is a somewhat abstract feeling, tending to seek for simple and vivid situations, and leading at times to such welcomes as greeted the 'blood-red blossom' of the Crimean War, and such regrets as are expressed in Mr. Newbolt's verse on the conclusion of South African peace. If such ideals and such loyalties disappear with decreasing ignorance, we may hope that other ideals will be established, less 'high,' perhaps, but more "deep, wide, solid, thorough, intelligent."[4] To say that increase of knowledge of any sort must spoil the best idealism is like saying that a modern doctor is shut out from the idealism of a magic-

[2] Godkin, "Problems of Modern Democracy," 72.
[3] Tarde, "Underground Man."
[4] Bosanquet, "Civilisation of Christendom."

working medicine-man. As we come to know the body politic more intimately and accurately, we may realize more and more the intricacy, the weakness, and the strength of human beings; their enormous difficulties; their pathos and magnificence; their insignificance, and the rich significance of that body and soul which by the travail of centuries is being made from them, and which may well claim in any age the loyalty of its members.

> We are but men, are we,
> And thou art Italy;
> What gift shall we deserve to give?
> How shall we die to do thee service or how live?

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THE ELEMENTS AND CHARACTER OF TOLSTOY'S WELTANSCHAUUNG.*

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THERE is something not altogether appropriate in considering Tolstoy's work in the light of a contribution to the theory of morals, religion, or art. The mixed character of his writings, their indefeasible saturation with his personality, and his extravagant opposition to the scientific and philosophical attitude render it scarcely possible to handle his teaching, precise and categorical though it became, as a specific body of theory.

No writer of the first rank, with the possible exception of Rousseau, has given himself away as Tolstoy has done. The occasional abandon which is the essence of the lyrical spirit, the conscious depreciatory egotism characteristic of certain forms of humor, the unconscious egotism which

* This presentation is offered with the deference due from one who can approach his author only through the medium of translations, and in the hope that any conclusions come to are confined to points which a knowledge of the original would not necessarily compromise. The translation chiefly used is that of Professor Leo Wiener.

idealizes and so in a sense objectifies the self, offer no analogue to the sustained and meticulous self-revelation that spontaneously infects the whole body of Tolstoy's writing. It is true that the time may not yet have come for a complete survey of this remarkable personality, and that we ought to wait until his voluminous diaries, exceeding, it appears, the bulk of his published work, are available. As it is, the type is sufficiently clear, and there exists abundant material for a general presentation.

In the *fact* of Tolstoy we are confronted with a spiritual phenomenon of impressive proportions, yet perfectly definite in kind and not unfamiliar in many of its features,—presenting therefore to the historical reason a clearly indicated line of judgment. On the other hand, within the *content* of the phenomenon and constituting its most singular note, we have to reckon a highly peculiar *Weltanschauung,* directed critically upon the order which the critic himself exemplifies. This, of course, at once raises a problem for the expositor. Are we to accept Tolstoy's final repudiation of himself and the order to which he belongs as expressing most adequately the man and his evangel, or are we to fall back on a naturalistic derivation of the gospel of renunciation itself? It may be that the true course lies in neither of these alternatives, but in the endeavor to bring them into intelligible relation; and certainly this is the project that suggests itself as safest and most natural to the interpreter. The problem has the peculiar features of any attempt to explain a system of ideals. If we pursue the line of treatment appropriate to such a case, it will bring us to a position somewhat analogous to Tolstoy's own; for although it does not, of course, commit us to the moral and religious creed to which he himself in the end stood so passionately committed, on the other hand a large part of his work, and in a sense almost the whole of it, is an attempt to give *actuality* to his ethical idealism both as achievement and as irrefragable theory. Tolstoy exemplifies in its extremest form the tragic and tragically genuine predica-

ment of a soul struggling to sustain its existence beyond its moral depths; and if there is a *problem* for the interpreter, it is that there is first of all an *opposition* in the elements of the situation. In any case, the difficulty has been stated not as demanding a preliminary solution, but as furnishing a clue to the characterization of Tolstoy's personality and writings.

If we survey the latter as a whole, two features irresistibly and continuously obtrude themselves; and the evolution of Tolstoy's literary and spiritual life is determined by the original correlation and the fluctuating relationships, terminating in internecine opposition, of these two.

It must be affirmed, in the first place, that Tolstoy, perhaps beyond any writer of the present age, was possessed by what we might describe as an engrossing appetite (not to say infatuation) for mere *being*. The energy of his character went out with a reckless force and spontaneity to appropriate the variety of experience open to a susceptible nature amply endowed with resources. The story of this has been briefly told in "My Confession." His profligacy was a derivative of the same tendency and is marked by a characteristic catholicity of taste. In the sphere of his art, this prodigality of nature assumes a guise peculiarly characteristic of the national literature. The distinctiveness and value of that realism which was developed by the Russian novelists has been admirably estimated by M. de Vogüe.[1] It will be enough here to indicate the bearing of this literary feature on the substance of Tolstoy's moral and religious teaching.

In its most typical form, and especially in his sustained creative endeavors, Tolstoy's manner is that of a loitering progress through a labyrinth of infinitesimals. He wanders among the minutiæ of life with the charmed and naïve interest of a child, exhaustlessly observant, irresistibly receptive. It may be questioned whether his

[1] "Le roman russe."

greatest artistic quality is not his consummate power of presenting the incident of a common day and lending exquisiteness to verisimilitude. In this kind nothing could be more convincing than the exquisite opening of "Domestic Happiness." There are spaces in his narrative (one need only refer to the charming outdoor and hunting passages at Otrádnoe and Mikháylovka in "War and Peace" or to many of the domestic and agrarian scenes in "Anna Karénin") where the episodic interest develops a completeness that leaves us for the time satisfied and quite indifferent to the main current; and in the larger works the accumulated impression becomes at moments almost that of rankness.

This impression in turn disappears when we reach the culminating points which occur at intervals; and we become aware that, beneath the crowded irregularity of the piece, there is a constant rhythm or pulse regulated by a prevailing spiritual attitude. It is this that now demands our attention.

From an early point it is apparent that the objective secular interest in men and things, which always had so great a power to arrest and hold the mind of the artist, is liable to become embarrassed by accessions of a reflective disquiet. Even in "The Cossacks," where the writer's charmed impressionability is in its first flush, we find this ominous interpolation; and with the growth of Tolstoy's artistic power the growth of the reflective element proceeds in geometric ratio. It is doubtless a question of fundamental importance what is the source and character of this peculiar strain; but the question involves a reference to the national type and literature which would lead us far beyond Tolstoy. One conjecture only will be hazarded. There seems no reason why we should seek the ultimate springs of that critical tendency, which eventually developed into an all-absorbing Christian idealism, in any distinctive faculty or endowment, or indeed elsewhere than in the general impressibility which underlay Tolstoy's artistic activity and gave to his work its

transcendent realism. If this is so, the warring elements in his mind and work will appear together in a common fund of sensibility.

The view is strengthened when we consider the nature of the quality with which we are dealing. Both in the artistic and in the ethico-religious form, it is characterized by the clear non-mystical order of apprehension. In the one sphere there is the infinite aptitude for exact and detailed characterization, in the other an irresistible logical and analytic faculty. For the massive synthetic movements of German speculation he has only impatient dissent. His attitude to Hegel's system, occasionally revealed, can hardly be considered as (even in an elementary sense) informed, but is a clear indication of temperament; and significance of a sort might equally well be attached to the relative sympathy of his incidental allusions to Kant. That Tolstoy busied himself, to a certain extent, with Kant's writings he has himself told us; and at times proximate analogies and even exact parallelisms can be detected. Considering his mental constitution and attitude rather than the content of his teaching, we should be justified in seeking for Tolstoy's historical affinities in those great critical movements of thought which form a periodically recurring phase in human progress and are most inclusively designated under the rubric of Illumination. Only, this statement must be qualified by the admission that Tolstoy belongs to the exceptional and non-representative figures in the movement, his place being analogous to that of Socrates rather than of Hippias in the Greek Enlightenment, and to that of Rousseau rather than of Diderot in the French. Under this proviso Tolstoy clearly ranks with those thinkers who surprise truth rather by sense and acuteness than by divination.

It cannot of course be asserted that he was insensible to the appeal of the *Dinge des Jenseits*. In the all-inclusiveness of his interest, there is a place for such suggestions of mystery as the early incident which foreshadows the manner of Anna Karénin's end; and many

of the familiar but obscure or particularly impressive experiences, dreams, the sight of the starry heavens, inexplicable psychical impressions, acquire a spiritual significance or become instrumental in the vast reconstitution of values which is the nerve of Tolstoy's attitude to life.[2] Apart from this, the ordinary facts of existence and particularly the solemn dispensations of life and death contained more mystery than he could contemplate without trouble; and where we find the shadow of the supernatural, it is usually in a form akin to that which William Archer has pointed out in Ibsen's treatment of the same,—a mere suggestiveness of the occult in the texture of normal experience. It might be added that where Ibsen latterly succumbed to the mystery of the pathological, Tolstoy kept clearing his mind to the end, of the very idea of mystery. This side of his development could not be more surprisingly revealed than in the versatility with which, only a year or two after having touched the nadir of dramatic horror in "The Dominion of Darkness," and amidst the moral strain of the period which produced "The Kreutzer Sonata," he springs upon us that gay and fantastic satire of spiritualism, "The Fruits of Enlightenment."

The constitution of Tolstoy's mind, as disclosed both

[2] One need only refer to the constant association in "War and Peace" between the depths of the sky, seen in moments of reflection or of crisis, and the infinitude which is circumfused about the paltriness of human existence. The sterile and ineffectual womanhood of Sónya is suggested in a psychical experience known to most people.

'Sónya crossed the parlour with a wine-glass, on her way to the buffet-room. Natásha looked at her and at the crack in the buffet-room door, and it appeared to her that she was recalling that there had once been that crack and Sónya had passed by with a wine glass.

"Yes, it was just like that," thought Natásha. "Sónya, is it you?" Natásha called out, strumming on the bass string. "Oh, you are here!" Sónya said, with a shudder, walking up and listening to the music. "What is it,—'The Storm'?" she said, timidly, being afraid that she was making a mistake. "Precisely in that way she shuddered then, and came up to me, and smiled timidly," Natásha thought, "and just so I thought that something was lacking in her."' "War and Peace," Vol. II, p. 392 (Wiener's tr.).

in reasoning and in assimilative contemplation, finds striking expression in his theory of art. In the tenth chapter of his treatise on the subject, he attacks the obscure and oracular manner which he conceived to have grown up when art ceased to be national and "the artist composed for a small circle of men, who were under exclusive conditions,"—the art which is exemplified at the present day in what is known as decadence; and he lays it down as a fundamental character in all true art that it must be comprehensible.

This criterion, which of course brings Tolstoy into line with the spirit of Illumination, at the same time, when interpreted as he understood it, indicates where he transcends that order. By comprehensibility he does not mean anything of a purely intellectual or logical nature,—far less what has been familiarized and standardized by tradition. His conception is involved in some complexity and raises a host of metaphysical questions; but several points stand out clear and unambiguous.

Art for Tolstoy is an adjunct and development of religion, and its comprehensibility is associated with the character which makes the latter intelligible to men. In this connection religion is especially signalized by the type of feeling to which it gives rise. Tolstoy defines art as a means of communication: in contradistinction to words it communicates feelings. It is these feelings which are universally comprehensible,—provided, that is, the religion out of which they spring is the religion of the time; for "the art which conveys sensations which result from the consciousness of a former time, which is obsolete and outlived, has always been condemned and despised." Genuine religious sensation must always be new. It gives conscious expression to "the forward movement of humanity." Here we find the secret of comprehensibility. "If art is a conveyance of sentiments which result from the religious consciousness of men, how can a sentiment be incomprehensible if it is based on religion, that is, on the relation of man to God? Such art must have

been, and in reality has been, at all times comprehensible, because the relation of every man to God is one and the same."[3]

This universality based on a completely clear and indubitable form of feeling, identified with sincerity, though incompatible with every kind of obscurity or illusiveness in art, is not in any way opposed to the sense of minute gradations. On the contrary, Tolstoy maintains that art depends on infinitesimal niceties (of pitch, for example, or of drawing); and his exact position is indicated (in the somewhat haphazard manner in which he frequently makes his most important theoretical points) where he asserts that these fundamental niceties, so far from requiring elaborate training, are "discovered by the feeling alone," or "only when a man abandons himself to a sensation."

It is obvious that such a view of art has a certain theoretical affinity with the Kantian doctrine which lays the foundation of the esthetic in no objective character, but in a universal form of subjectivity. Tolstoy expressly denies to art any truly objective definition among those that have been given. Elsewhere he declares that "it is impossible to interpret an artist's production." What the artist has to communicate can be conveyed only by

[3] The difficulty of reconciling this claim for universality in art (a universality both of time and place) with the proposition that art has its root only in the religious sentiment, which is new, is hardly done justice to by Tolstoy; but the elements of a solution in conformity with his views are to be found in his various positions, and particularly in the fact that he seeks his criterion in feeling. Thus, it might be argued, although an obsolete religion has not the power of inspiring sound artistic endeavor, the genuine products of such a religion, arising out of sentiments which were new at the time, retain a perpetual power of emotional appeal. This solution throws a heavy onus on the feeling which has to interpret for us what is genuinely new in this sense and what effete. In the very next sentence to the one last quoted, Tolstoy goes on to say that "the temples and the singing in them have always been comprehensible to men." But what are we to make of this in connection with his almost Voltairean treatment of the modern church service (*e. g.*, "Resurrection," Pt. I, ch. 39: *cf.* "The Kingdom of God is within You") for which he can only account by including it under the set of influences that he designates collectively hypnotism?

means of his art. Where we are concerned with feeling, there is nothing to explain, no place for criticism; and "an interpretation in words of a product of art proves only that he who is interpreting is unable to be infected by art." Criticism has arisen only where the art of the higher classes has become divorced from the religious consciousness of the time. "National art has a definite and indubitable inner criterion,—religious consciousness."

In this there is more than a suggestion of the irreducible apriority which, in various specific forms, according to Kant, underlies experience in all its aspects,—whether as knowledge, morality, or artistic appreciation. No doubt the systematic exposition of these forms, especially on their constructive and objective side, is not in the spirit of Tolstoy's writing; but the application of his general criterion, once he has found it, is essentially the exhibition of principles which we must suppose to preside *a priori* over experience, because they alone coördinate and give meaning to it. Frequently his propagandist writings,—"My Religion," for example, and particularly "The Christian Teaching,"—pretend to a symmetry and exhaustiveness of principle which are entirely at one with Kant's manner.

Of peculiar significance is Tolstoy's treatment of the relation of beauty and goodness, which occurs in the seventh chapter of "What is Art?" He marks his departure from pagan values by disintegrating what he conceives to be the compound notion of *καλοκἀγαθία*, and setting up beauty, goodness, and truth as fundamentally distinct and mutually irreducible ultimate principles.

> Goodness is the eternal, highest purpose of our life. No matter how we may understand goodness, our life is nothing but a striving after goodness, that is, toward God. Goodness is actually a fundamental concept which metaphysically forms the essence of our consciousness, a concept which is not definable by reason. Goodness is what cannot be defined by anything, but which defines everything else. But beauty, if we are not satisfied with words, but speak of what we comprehend,—beauty is nothing but what

pleases us.[4] The concept of beauty not only does not coincide with goodness, but is rather opposed to it, since goodness for the most part coincides with victory over bias, while beauty is the foundation of all our bias. The more we abandon ourselves to beauty, the more do we depart from goodness. . . . But as to truth, we can still less ascribe to this member of the imaginary triad either unity with goodness and beauty, or even any independent existence. What we call truth is only a correspondence of the expression or definition of the subject with its essence, or with all men's universal comprehension of the subject. Now what is there in common between the concepts of beauty and truth on the one side, and of goodness on the other?[5]

The comparison could doubtless be pursued much further; but enough has been said to indicate the general affinity on the intellectual side. Our business is now to go back upon our previous characterization and to show this keenly rationalistic view of principles emerging along with the sense for particularity out of what was there called "a common fund of sensibility." In this the French Illumination will again furnish certain features of similarity as well as of difference.

Presupposing nothing more than a catholic appreciation of the facts of life and a capacity for comparison and contrast, we should be justified in expecting to find these attended by a special sort of reflective accompaniment.

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[4] It is important to notice that beauty is not for Tolstoy identical with that which, in the sense determined by him, gives genuine artistic value to feeling. Beauty, therefore, he maintains, in contradistinction to Kant, is not the subject-matter of true art.

[5] It is not safe to institute parallelisms without regard to the relative prominence of the passages compared in the whole body of each writer's work; although the extraordinary logical coherence of Tolstoy's thought somewhat reduces the danger from false emphasis. Taken along with so many other features, his correspondence view of truth suggests Kant's definition in the "Critique of Pure Reason": "the agreement of our knowledge with objects" (Analytic of Principles, ch. III),—*i. e.*, as he afterwards makes clear, in judgment or "the relation of an object to our understanding" (Dialectic, Introd.). Hegel's transcendence of this view (*e. g.*, "Phænomenologie," p. 66, Collected Works) would again mark the line of cleavage. Of course, in the theoretical, as distinct from the esthetic sphere, the "essence" or "all men's comprehension of the subject" does not accurately characterize the universal concept in Kant,—although a recent attempt has been made to reduce the concept to such subjective uniformity (*vid.* Simmel, "Vorlesungen über Kant").

The facts in time, by their natural gravitation into and out of groups and orders, would be bound to generate a more or less definite spiritual attitude and outlook; and the product would be consolidated, though invested with an air of negativity, by opposition.

As a matter of fact the French Illumination is marked by a relative absence of positive doctrine. The spirit of the movement is none the less definite. It is connected with the resolution of the established order into its elements, and the intellectual zest for free and sometimes licentious or fantastic recombination. In the general upturn, all that is preposterous and criminal in accredited human institutions is thrown to the surface.

In a conversation on Goethe's "Faust," dated February 16, 1833, and reported in the "Table Talk," Coleridge outlines the plan of a drama conceived on somewhat similar lines. "My Devil," he says, "was to be, like Goethe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth, by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite."

Except for the allusion to the infinite, the sense of which is singularly absent in the Illumination, these words offer a fair presentation of much in Voltaire's and, to a certain degree, in Diderot's prose writings; and it would be an interesting inquiry how far Goethe, whose understanding of both writers was so intimate and sympathetic, may have been guided in the conception of his Mephistopheles by the all-disturbing humor of the Enlightenment.

A portion of this dæmonic spirit is an original endowment of Tolstoy—only that in his case "the presence of the infinite" is the leading feature.[6] To say nothing of his presentation of history in "War and Peace," we find among his earlier and minor writings, such as "Sevastopol" and "Polikushka," a large infusion of an irony akin to Voltaire's. The difference, however, in intellectual and

[6] See particularly, "My Confession," ch. IX.

emotional depth, as well as in the capacity for identification with a cause,[7] pressing upon him continually, as we have seen, the consciousness of infinitude, in the end reduces the ironical character to a minor feature in the mass of his work.

A further highly significant point, and one which connects with the peculiar realism of the national literature, is the strangely nonchalant way in which Tolstoy accepts into his picture of life the more uncertain and the darker hues. These lie across his canvas in an infinite checkerwork of minor tones. Nothing could throw into clearer contrast the comparative simplicity of the moral and esthetic cleavages, which give its general character to our European literature.[8] There is a definiteness of feature, a resort to the typical both in human character and in situation, an unmistakable call to judgment, infecting even the works which we regard as least categorical and most enigmatic. Our humorous literature itself cannot escape this characterization; for humor as known to us is the specific call for a specific reaction; and the quality of prevailing humor (what gives their character to works which we distinguish as comedy) is the demand that a typical attitude of spirit be sustained over a certain area.

In Tolstoy's imaginative work, and particularly where he rises highest in creative spontaneity, there is a remarkable absence of appeal to typical attitudes and judgments. His most interesting creations, highly characterized as

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[7] There is a decided difference of quality and mass between Tolstoy's ultimate self-identification with Christianity and the support given to the cause of peace and freedom by the writers of the Illumination. No doubt a certain similarity can be detected between the spirit which led to the championship of Calas and Lally-Tollendal, and that which impelled Tolstoy to take up the cause of the suffering and oppressed. But the Christianity which Tolstoy adopted involves a much completer subordination of the nature and intellect than was necessary in order to produce the "Letter to the Chief of the Irkútsk Disciplinary Battalion" or "Famine or No Famine?"

[8] On the literary aspect of this there are some fine remarks by George Moore in the Introduction which he contributes to Lena Milman's translation of Dostoievsky's "Poor Folk."

they are, impress one, in a way hardly ever realized in Western literature, as growing by inappreciable degrees out of the infinitude of their own elements. We might say that Tolstoy has a unique gift of abandoning his characters to themselves and to their fate. There are points at which he seems to let them out of his hands altogether. Like the progress of his incident, the development of his creatures advances episodically. There are seemingly fortuitous collisions of spiritual currents, movements which slowly or abruptly stir the surface of events, and rise into critical and sometimes thrilling uncertainty,—only to subside and pass away. Up to a certain point the relations of Anna Karénin and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich are full of these critical uncertainties, where for the moment it seems undecided on which side the wave will break. The *rapprochement* between Sergyéy Ivánovich and Várenka is a remarkable instance, coming as it does abruptly into the centre of interest and disappearing without result.

This naïve acceptance of elements without prejudice frequently renders it difficult to tell whether a characterization is to be taken under one or another of various categories, or indeed under any category at all. Especially difficult is it to be sure with what degree of satirical infection many sinister *aperçus* upon life and character are to be received. (The same remark would hold of Dostoievsky.) When Voltaire begins "La Princesse de Babylone" with the words: "Le vieux Bélus, roi de Babylone, se croyait le premier homme de la terre, car tous ses courtisans le lui disaient, et ses historiographes le lui prouvaient," the note of satire is unmistakable; and we at once adjust our minds to the proper attitude. But when Tolstoy, in a work of solemn beauty, noticing the effect produced upon his friends by the death of Iván Ilích, adds: "The very fact of the death of a close friend evoked in all those who heard of it, as it always does, a feeling of joy because it was Iván Ilích who had died and not they," it is not so easy exactly to interpret the spirit

of the saying. Certainly such propositions in Tolstoy must frequently be taken as bare and unjudged observation of fact; and it is clear that the irony and humor of his earlier work, even where the abundance of its elements remains, is gradually engrossed by the deepening hues of his religious experience.

This wavering and indefinite character in Tolstoy's writings of course offers no contradiction to the sense for clear particularity which marks both his creative and his reflective work, and illustrates his disapproval of the obscurity of decadent art. The spiritual indecision, which distinguishes so many of his chief characters, Pierre, Levín, and to a certain degree Nekhlyúdov (in spite of the resolution of his character), is in entire consonance with the fundamental realism of his manner. And here, as usual, we find a theoretical parallel to his actual achievement.

In the spirited sketch entitled "Lucerne" he writes:

> An unfortunate, miserable being is man with his need of positive solutions, cast into this eternally moving, endless ocean of good and evil, of facts, of reflections and contradictions! . . . If man but learned not to judge and not to think sharply and positively, and not to give answers to questions given to him only that they might always remain questions! . . . They have made subdivisions for themselves in this eternally moving, endless, endlessly mixed chaos of good and evil; they have drawn imaginary lines on this sea, and now are waiting for this sea to cleave apart, as though there were not millions of other subdivisions from an entirely different point of view, in another plane. . . . Endless is the mercy and all-wisdom of Him who has permitted and has commanded all these contradictions to exist. Only to you, insignificant worm, who are boldly, unlawfully trying to penetrate His laws, His intentions,—only to you do they appear as contradictions. . . .

In considering Tolstoy's characters we must apply a remark made upon the desultory progress of his narrative. Beneath the varying surface there is the same uniform movement of spirit, resulting ultimately in a unity of accumulated impressions which has all the value of strong, consistent individualization. We come to understand that the hand of the master, though hidden, is all the time guiding his work to irresistible conclusions.

In his creative and his reflective work alike, it is easy to detect the actual operation of the influences which disturb the elements of his universe and issue in his final *Weltanschauung*. These are connected with his absorbing interest in the human; and the chief dynamic is to be found in his impressibility by the critical experiences which lend a new focus to existence,—above all birth, marriage, and death. In "My Confession" he has explained the part played by death in the great *Wertumgestaltung;* and we know that birth and death were associated in his mind as bearing a similar part in the evolution of a moral experience. Describing Levín's feelings on the birth of his child, he says: "All he knew and felt was that what was taking place was very much like what the year before had taken place in the hotel of the provincial city, on the death-bed of his brother Nikoláy. But that had been sorrow, and this was joy. But that sorrow and this joy were alike outside all habitual conditions of life and were, in that habitual life, openings, as it were, through which something superior was disclosed."

It is these great dispensations which for Tolstoy became the interpreters of the life that he loved to follow through the detail of its ordinary level. In view of the enveloping infinitude, the things of this world first lost and then regained their value; and in the process, Enlightenment acquired a complete newness and reality of spiritual connotation far beyond anything known to the representatives of what is called Illumination.

It is true that we have not yet nearly exhausted the analogy. The springs of that ridicule, in which moral distinctions seem to perish, and the sources of the profoundest moral regeneration lie close together. They both connect with the unveiling in the intellect, or in the depth of the soul, of these forms which tradition has sanctified and which have lent their sanctity to tradition. Thus we find certain general resemblances between Tolstoy's position and that of the French group, for example, in such external considerations as the condemnation of war or

that admiration of the Quakers which appears so strangely yet so naturally, in Voltaire. Indeed, did it not compromise the lines of historical association too far, we might seek for affinities where tradition has found chiefly opposition. The great moral teacher often referred to as the Founder of Christianity constantly employs types passed over or rejected by the official standards,—the child or the pariah,—in order to turn the official standards out of court. This is of the very essence of the age of the Encyclopædia, with its parabolic use of the eastern tale and the satirical romance. The enlightened savage, the unsophisticated Huron, the man from Sirius become the critics of established usage. In his general revision of values, Tolstoy is dominated by characters which are the very types of weakness and obscurity. Nothing is more consistently maintained throughout his whole work than this feature. From Uncle Eróshka, in the early phase of his work, to Platón Karatáev and the outcast Máslova, we find a succession of characters whose business it is to dissolve into its elements the whole fabric of the known moral universe. The part played by children is abnormal, and the significance of the child's standpoint fundamental. "It is the children," says Tolstoy, "who look soundly at life."[9]

The positive side of the analogy must not be pursued too far. We know that Tolstoy at an early age read Voltaire with enjoyment;[10] but, as has been said, the humanity and brooding impressionability of the Russian writer carries him far beyond the more entirely intellectual level of the latter.[11] We may measure the difference in many ways. It is the difference between conviction and conversion. There was a time, doubtless, when

[9] "Lucerne," Vol. III, p. 255, Wiener's tr. [10] See "My Confession."

[11] It must be admitted that amidst the light-footed blasphemies of "L'Ingénu," the dæmonic spirit has led the man who has been so generally supposed incapable of the finer humanity to the verge of a genuine female creation. In the story of Mlle. St. Yves the unquenchable laughter is for once almost quenched in something deeper than the lachrymose sentiment which flooded the literature and life of the times.

a thing like Diderot's terrible satire, "Le Neveu de Rameau," would have appealed to Tolstoy; there came a point at which he could hardly have handled the theme without solemnity.

But we have reached the limit of uncontroversial presentation. It is a matter of standpoint how far the Christianity of which Tolstoy became the apostle really introduces a fundamental change. In the present article the stress has been laid on the homogeneity and continuity of his character and development. From the earliest stage we find the elements of his *Weltanschauung* in a state of highly unstable equilibrium and ready at any moment for the collapse and possible recovery out of which we must suppose conversions to arise. Not only so, but there is noticeable, throughout the disintegration of his universe, a steadily-growing reconstitution according to the values which he ultimately comes to regard as specifically Christian. In the pre-Christian works, which he afterwards renounced, there are passages which appear to state the Christian standpoint as convincingly as he ever stated it in his polemical writings. On the other hand, he carried over into the period of his Christian development the same distinctive features which characterize the earlier creative epoch. We may here pass over in reverent silence the return of nature upon the man, leading to the recurrent agonies of that struggle which terminated in the tragedy at Astapovo. A less painful illustration can be drawn from the sphere of his art.

Among the qualities in art which he condemns from the new Christian standpoint are two which he designates imitation and effectiveness. From the description which he gives of these it is clear that he is depicting characters which, taken together, go to constitute that essential feature in his own work here designated realism.[12] The

[12] One example may be given under each head. Under "imitation" Tolstoy includes "the speeches" which "are not told so as to make the best sense, but as incoherently as they are in life, with interruptions and

strange thing is that, in his later writings (even the theological treatise like "My Religion"), Tolstoy continues to make most effective use of these qualities. "The Kreutzer Sonata" is an excellent example of the condemned manner, while "Resurrection," which illustrates this in a supreme degree, is posterior to the treatise, "What is Art?"

There is a depth of paradox in these later works, in which Tolstoy, with power scarcely abated, though with charm largely impaired, enlists all the resources of the art he condemned to inculcate a gospel which seemed to him to furnish the motive for his condemnation of this art.

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abrupt endings." These fragments of conversation are a constant feature in his own writing, and not least in "Resurrection." Again under "effectiveness" he quotes as an example a coroner's description in a murder case. But what are we to say of the ghastly catalogue given in the case of the murdered Smyelkóv?

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE REALM OF ENDS OR PLURALISM AND THEISM: The Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Years 1907-10. By James Ward. Cambridge (England): The University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1911. Pp. xv, 490.

The object of Professor Ward's second series of Gifford Lectures is to furnish a more detailed and constructive working out of the Idealism which in the first series chiefly showed itself in a general criticism of Naturalism. It may be true that nothing really exists but spirit or spirits; but this is not obvious and there seem to be facts that contradict it. Hence the necessity for the idealist of the kind of detailed work, which Professor Ward here undertakes, to show that those aspects of the world that we commonly regard as typical of matter are perfectly compatible with the existence of nothing but mind. It is again, of course, open to the idealist as to everyone else to lay stress on the unity or the differentiation of the universe, and Professor Ward, as the title of his lecture indicates, starts from the latter. He has therefore to defend his position, on the one hand, against persons who are not idealists and to prove to them that what is real is not matter but spirit; and, on the other hand, against idealists who think unity logically prior to plurality, he has to prove that what is real is not spirit but spirits. Finally, in the second part of the book, an attempt is made to show that we have a right to introduce more unity into our theory of the world than a pluralism based on purely empirical grounds will warrant, and that this additional unity is to be found in a creative God who is not, however, the Absolute of the monistic idealist.

The more direct arguments against the naturalist with which the book opens are admittedly but a summary of those of "Naturalism and Agnosticism." There must always be a dualism of subject and object, and it may be convenient for the purposes of science to consider the latter apart from the former. But to carry this abstraction back into philosophy, as being the whole truth, leads to inseparable difficulties when we have to

deal with the facts of mental life and the relation of mind to body. Again, physics no longer holds that its atoms and ether are real over against the perceptible world, but that they are a descriptive scheme for enabling us to forecast events under definite perceptible circumstances in that world. Finally, what Professor Ward calls 'real categories' as distinct from merely descriptive ones have been actually obtained from analogy with minds: such are efficient causation, substance, and the unity of nature. In a great measure I am in agreement with Professor Ward's criticisms here. But, of course, to refute naturalism is not necessarily to prove idealism, since it is quite possible to hold that matter may exist as well as mind and that, when left to itself, it obeys the laws of conservation of energy and momentum, but that it can also be moved by minds when it stands in appropriate relations to them. Nor does it seem safe to rest very much on the doctrine that physical science is merely descriptive without a prolonged discussion of precisely what is meant by description. If the assumption of the existence of certain entities obeying certain laws accounts for what is actually found to be true, must we not say that this fact increases the probability of the assumption, and so that a successful description is some guarantee that the entities that are assumed by it to exist really do so? But, of course, this very line of argument furnishes a justification for Professor Ward's main procedure in the present work. For the fact is that the assumptions of physics account very well for what can be observed of inanimate matter and, when rightly understood, are not intrinsically impossible, but they do not succeed very well with animated matter or mind. If then Professor Ward can show that the assumption that nothing exists but minds will account as well for the behavior of apparently inanimate matter and better for that of animated bodies and minds, he will be justified in holding that his hypothesis has great probability.

Professor Ward makes a great deal of the contrast between science and history which we see when we take the world as it appears at first sight. Naturalism attempts to replace all history by science, and his view would be that when there seems to be nothing but science, there is still history of a simple kind. As I understand it, the distinction intended is that history describes unique individuals and their acts, whilst science deals with laws and with individuals merely as instances of them. It does not

appear to me that Professor Ward's theory of matter is really any more history than that of a pure naturalist. If Professor Ward had to deal with the particular monads that constitute a particular piece of matter by name, and could state no general laws about them, this would be history, and, as such, I submit, it would be far less valuable as philosophy than what he actually offers us. But what he actually offers us is the general law that monads, though they are unique individuals, agree in certain respects, that, for instance, they may acquire habits and lose initiative, and that then they exhibit the uniformities that are commonly supposed to characterize matter. This might perhaps be described as a conversion of physics into sociology, but not as a conversion of science into history. A pluralistic philosophy may require unique individuals, but its statements about them must be general, for otherwise it would have to refer to them by an infinite number of proper names. With regard to Professor Ward's attitude toward pluralism, I think the following is a fair statement as far as concerns the first part of the book at any rate. The world, as we know it, is on the face of it a more or less unified plurality, and even a singularistic philosophy must at least start from this appearance. But, on the one hand, the arguments of the singularist to prove on metaphysical grounds that there must really be a great deal more unity than there appears to be, are invalid, and, on the other hand, if we accept the singularist's Absolute, the appearance of the many, as we know them, from which the singularist himself must start, becomes inexplicable. Hence arise the following questions: May we not suppose that the intimacy of the union of the many is not fixed but increases as times goes on? And if so, what is the minimum amount of unity that we must assume in the beginning to account for that which has now been reached, and how much more unification may we reasonably expect in the future? These questions Professor Ward attempts to answer on the initial supposition that all that is real is minds.

Professor Ward's arguments against Singularism occur in the second chapter. He, of course, admits that there must be some unity, but he denies that the amount of unity that the singularist requires is compatible with the observable characteristics of the differentiations. If we are to make the Absolute a mind, and to know what we mean by that statement, we must suppose it to be analogous in essential respects to the minds that we do

know. Now these minds involve a subjective and an objective side, which are distinguishable though united. To suppose that the Absolute mind can manage with nothing but the subject side is to make an abstraction that has every appearance of being unwarrantable. To suppose that the object side is enough is to relapse into naturalism. Hence there remain the possibilities: (1) that the Absolute is in some sense its own Other, and (2) that its unity is something that transcends the distinction of subject and object. If the latter view be accepted, we must ask the singularist by what right he continues to call that a mind which has lost the most characteristic feature of minds that we know. The former view is supposed to be supported by the analogy of self-consciousness in finite minds. But these at least are never conscious of self without also being conscious of not-self, and this may be essential to any mind. Professor Ward does not perhaps pay enough attention to the alternative that Lotze, whose discussion on this subject is excellent, suggests, viz., that the necessity of an Other either for stirring the Ego into that activity that ends in self-consciousness or as an essential part of the total object of its cognition may depend on the finitude of the finite mind and not be essential to mind in general. But we may agree that unless there is some positive ground for supposing that a mind can exist without this limitation, we practise an unjustifiable abstraction in assuming such a mind. If (as seems to me necessary, though I do not think Professor Ward would admit it) we suppose that entities like colors and sounds are objects to minds, and yet cannot exist except when perceived, it seems to me possible to suppose a single mind whose Other entirely consisted of objects whose existence depended on their being objects to that mind. But the difficulty of making the Absolute a mind of this sort is that we cannot suppose that we ourselves and the other (minds) finite minds that we believe to exist are objects like colors and sounds. So that it is really over the relation of the many finite minds to the one Absolute one that singularism seems to break down. On this question some discussion of the metaphysical bearing of the case of Sally Beauchamp,—the most important new piece of relevant empirical fact that has emerged since Lotze discussed this subject,—would have been welcome from a psychologist of Professor Ward's eminence.

Having decided for spiritualistic pluralism, Professor Ward now tries to see how little unity need be put in at the beginning

to get out as much as we now have. He thinks it enough to assume that all the individuals strive to better themselves and to conserve what they have already won; the obstacles against which they strive are the strivings of other monads; each monad 'perceives' every other; and the Leibnitian Principle of Continuity. Professor Ward thinks that the history of human societies and of biological organisms will show us that with these assumptions an increasing amount of unity can be obtained and that it is reasonable to suppose by analogy that there has all along been a similar process from a state of less to one of greater unification. The apparent lack of spontaneity and the complete predictability that rules in the realm of matter is to be explained by the analogy of unprogressive societies, which have become hidebound in habits. The constants of physics, moreover, may very well be merely statistical, and we know that in a quite advanced society constant statistical averages may mark great individual differences. So far as I can see, the only respect in which this theory of matter differs in its practical outcome from the mere usual view is that there is always the possibility that the world of matter might some day wake up again like the Empire of Japan. Can it be theoretically maintained?

In the first place, matter as we know it is not exhausted in its qualities by saying that its actions are calculable. It also appears to be extended and movable. Now unless monads be extended and movable, it is difficult to see how any collection of them can seem to be so. Leibniz tried to explain this by saying that there were a great number of monads and that we perceived them confusedly. But the difficulty here is not that we perceive less than there is to perceive, but that we perceive something with *different* qualities and relations from what really is there. Hence we must either suppose that certain minds or certain collections of them really are extended and movable, or that we never perceive other monads but only have presentations caused by them. I understand the latter alternative to be rejected by Professor Ward, who mentions Reid in this connection with approval. I very much doubt whether it be really possible to reject representative ideas, but if so, we must certainly grant that some minds or at any rate some collections of minds are extended and stand in spatial relations to each other. I do not think there is anything impossible in such a view, but it is admittedly rather a startling one.

Professor Ward further discusses the question whether the view that the monads have acquired habits does not assume a fixed order and thus fail to explain it. His argument is that only what interests produces habits, and that what interests may very well be much more regular than our total experience. This is undoubtedly true, but it is also necessary that the recurrences should be pretty frequent, and selection cannot increase their frequency. Moreover, the monads at this low stage are supposed to have very short memories. Hence I am still doubtful whether in a world, with so little external recurrence as Professor Ward assumes, habits could arise.

We must now notice Professor Ward's discussion of Contingency with which is connected his doctrine of evolution as epigenesis. By the latter is meant that the higher stages depend for their existence on the lower ones, but that no amount of knowledge of the lower would have enabled us to forecast the higher. But we must not say that the higher stages are uncaused, because a distinction must be drawn between efficient and occasional causation, and it is only the latter that enables us to predict, whilst it is the former which is used in the Law of Universal Causation. Efficient causation, as I understand it, is the relation between a mind quâ active and its acts, so that the law of causation would become, 'Every event is some one's act.' Of course, this is not incompatible with every event having an occasional cause too. Actual recurrence is not essential to occasional causation, but only to the possibility of our finding out laws of occasional causation. Still, unless there be an à priori reason for supposing that every event has an occasional cause, we may admit that there is no reason why we should suppose one where, from the nature of the case, we cannot find it: and this is the actual state of affairs in many historical events and human actions. Professor Ward says that contingency must tend to decrease as time goes on. I cannot follow this. I understand that habitual actions are subject to occasional causation, and that, as time goes on, more and more actions become habitual. True, Professor Ward holds,—I am not very clear why,—that there will never be a time when *all* actions have become habitual, but at any rate we are certain that the mass of habitual action increases, and not certain that there is a proportionate increase in the free ones; for no positive reason is offered for supposing that the sleeping monads will ever wake. What we must take

Professor Ward to mean is that the friction due to mere misunderstanding and selfishness on the part of the intelligent monads will tend to a minimum. Thus three meanings of contingency are involved: (1) this friction, (2) collision between the volitions of intelligent monads and the habits of petrified ones, and (3) the fact that the behavior of non-petrified monads is not capable of prediction.

We must now regretfully leave the many other interesting points in the pluralistic part of the work and shortly consider the Theistic part. God is approached from a consideration of the upper and lower limits of pluralism, and the fact that without him the final unification cannot be taken as certain. The first consideration involves an explicit rejection of the principle of continuity, which has previously been accepted. Professor Ward does not seem to me to indicate any ground for thus accepting the principle so far, and arguing from it, and then rejecting it. Of course, a *last term* in the monadic hierarchy is probably compatible with the principle, but this would not be God whom Professor Ward always and rightly compares to a *limit*. Professor Ward admirably criticises a number of theories of creation, and ends by adopting a creative God, but confessing that creation is a mystery. It does not seem to me that this confession disconcerts him as much as might be expected. His argument here is that it would be very ominous for our theory of creation if it did not make creation a mystery, since it is something outside the world as a whole and not a relation between parts of it. But surely here 'the world' = the universe and that = the monads + God, so that creation is within the world from the philosophic point of view. But a more serious objection is that the mystery seems to lie not in the mere modus operandi of God (which would be tolerable enough), but in what is meant by creation. Until we can have some light on the second question, creation remains a mere word and as such it seems useless to philosophy and insusceptible of proof even by arguments based on ethical and religious considerations. Does it in fact come to more than the aspiration (or in some, the conviction) that in some way unknown to us things will turn out better than any empirical evidence can give us a certain warrant for believing?

A creative God having been accepted, the rest of the book is a theodicy. Speculative pessimism falls an easy victim to Pro-

fessor Ward's dialectics, and the author then turns to reconcile the admitted evils of the world with God's goodness. The line that he takes is that we must certainly suppose God to be bound by the laws of logic, and that, further, we must not attempt to suppose a world different in kind from the pluralistic one of free agents considered in the first part of the book. Hence the evil in the world is attributable to the defective use that the monads have made of their freedom, but God cannot be blamed for having made them free. What God did in creation was to limit possibilities, but not to close all but one; evil is due to wrong volitions of monads within the range of possibilities that God left open to them. This line of defense is a great deal more satisfactory in dealing with moral than with physical evil. Physical evil is due not so much to the erroneous volitions of higher monads (though it is partly so caused) as to those monads whose inherent incapacity for progress has made them crystalize into matter. Professor Ward's defense here is that the regularity of matter is of more value to the higher monads, in spite of the fact that it leads to some disasters, than would a less regular system be. Against this view I would suggest two objections: (1) I should have thought that immunity from physical disasters might have been cheaply bought at the price of occasional miracles. And the more the optimist insists on the infrequency of grave physical disasters, the less he can maintain that their aversion by miracles would be counterbalanced by the loss of the advantages due to regularity; and (2) Does not this defense treat the lower monads not as ends, but as means to the welfare of the higher monads? Surely Professor Ward's universe has in it a tragedy so vast that nothing like it exists in one where matter is lifeless, viz., the petrification of perhaps the vast majority of minds. And since we unhesitatingly use them as means, will not the principle of continuity suggest that monads higher than ourselves use us as means? Conditions of space have compelled me to neglect many interesting and important items in Professor Ward's book; but it is to be hoped that enough has been said to show that it teems with interest (and naturally with points of controversy) for all who can enjoy an earnest and brilliant attempt to grapple with the deepest questions of what the world is and what may be hoped from it.

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THE SOURCES OF RELIGIOUS INSIGHT: THE BROSS LECTURES, 1911. By Josiah Royce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912. Pp. xvi, 297.

This little volume is indeed Professor Royce's *Sonnenklarer Bericht* of his entire system. Shorn of its religious dress,—which the object and the occasion of these lectures demanded,—the book contains a synthetic and popular (in the good sense) presentation of the sources of *spiritual* insight which a Voluntaristic Idealism affords.

Professor Royce, in applying his idealism to the problem of religion, uses old names for some new ways of feeling. The well-known religious categories, which in their original usage had a vital significance, but which later theology rendered abstract and threadbare, are reinvested by Royce with a concrete meaning. Such a category is Salvation. The higher religions are based on the postulate that man needs to be saved. For Royce, salvation is a universal need, a matter not of any one time or faith. It is a problem of life and experience. It arises whenever life is defined in terms of some highest good and whenever the danger of losing this highest good is realized.

An insight into the need and the way of salvation, an insight that man stands in danger of missing the goal of life, and that there is some means of escape from this danger, Royce calls a religious insight. There are several sources of such insight, with a study and criticism of which the whole volume deals.

A widely accepted source of insight is furnished, of course, by revelation. But whoever relies upon this source is involved in what Royce calls the "religious paradox,"—the paradox of insisting that the individual, though unable to know the divine by his own light, is yet able to distinguish a divine revelation from any other report. "The paradox is that a being who is ignorant of his duty and of his destiny as to need guidance at every point, so weak as to need saving, should still hope, in his fallible experience, to get into touch with anything divine" (p. 25).

One way of solving this paradox seems to lie in the appeal to a personal religious experience defined by James as "the experience of individuals who regard themselves as 'alone with the divine'" (p. 27). It is an experience "which mysteriously wells up from the subliminal self, from the soundless depth of

our subconsciousness" (p. 47). But valuable and necessary though such individual experience is, it does not solve the religious paradox. The paradox still remains: the individual in his isolation, "alone with the divine," finds salvation in which all other individuals shall share. Which of the many and the conflicting individual experiences reveals *the* divine? For an answer to this question one must appeal to social experience.

Social experience as a source of religious insight teaches "salvation through the fostering of human brotherhood" (p. 58). Such a doctrine insists upon the religious meaning of social service and upon the fact that men can only be saved together and not separately. But though the need of human companionship as a means to salvation is a universal need, yet mere companionship does not solve the religious paradox; for man and his fellow equally need salvation. Social experience, if it is to solve the paradox, must be viewed as a process "which is not only human but superhuman" (p. 74). "Human society as it now is . . . is a chaos of needs, . . . the whole social order groans and travails together in pain . . . longing for salvation" (p. 75). How the social order as a whole may be saved, and through it the individual, reason must teach us.

Reason as a higher source of religious insight is indeed not the reason of "barren intellectualism" opposed to "intuition"; but it is a "broader intuition, the sort of seeing that grasps many views in one, that surveys life as it were from above" (p. 86). The office of reason is to get articulate insight,—"insight into wholes rather than fragments" (p. 91). Now reason, —conceived as a constructively synthetic process,—shows that science and commonsense alike manifest what Royce calls the "religious paradox";—they both involve the admission of human fallibility and ignorance and the confidence in a truth beyond the revelation of our momentary experience. It is a universal paradox which pervades all types of opinion,—social, personal, and scientific. Commonsense, though incapable of being personally experienced or verified by any human individual, is yet a standard to which individual judgments appeal. And all expressions, such as the verdict of science, consensus of opinion, human experience, are expressions which illustrate the universal paradox of appealing to standards which no man ever individually possesses and with which all individual opinions must agree. And upon such a reference to a super-individual

standard depend the very ideas of truth and error; for truth and error can only mean agreement or disagreement with the "wider insight" of mankind which never belongs to any one individual.

This "wider insight"—of mankind, commonsense, science—must be universalized. To the synthetic insight of reason the universal paradox reveals the reality of a superhuman type of life which the religious need seeks. Royce's arguments for an Absolute are too well known to be summarized here. In this volume the arguments are not merely repeated, but sharply and lucidly restated.

The source of religious insight furnished by reason is not merely theoretical, but it has a vital relation to the Will. That the will and the reason have one logic in common; that the truth of an idea may be said to be constituted by its "workings," but that these workings must be conceived as "absolute workings," —all this is sufficiently familiar to the student of Royce's Voluntaristic Idealism or Absolute Pragmatism. Just as our ideas are true or false in so far as they agree or disagree with a "wider insight" of reality, just so our deeds have meaning only in so far as they are in conformity with the will of a larger life. And thus the will as well as the reason is a source of religious insight, for the meaning of any rational irrevocable deed implies an absolute view of reality.

How the individual can 'get religion,' so to speak, how the conclusions of a Voluntaristic Idealism may be practically applied in the life of every individual, Royce undertakes to show in the concluding chapters of the book. His philosophy of loyalty is here restated as the synthesis of all the sources of religious insight. The spirit of loyalty demands all the elements,—individual experience, social coöperation, reasonable insight, voluntary choice,—which the other sources have exemplified. Every individual who is loyal to his consciously chosen task is "loyal to loyalty" and has thus solved the religious paradox. "From the lonely and darkened depth of his personal finitude, from the chaos of his social promptings and of his worldly ambitions, amid all the storms of fortune, 'midst of hell's laughter and noises appalling,' he has heard the voice of the Spirit" (p. 210).

Loyalty, as the crowning source of religious insight, idealizes evil, for "there could not be loyalty in a world where the loyal being himself met no adversities that personally belonged to and

entered his own inner life" (p. 253). Loyalty also defines a kingdom of God, as it were, called by Royce the Invisible Church. All the loyal,—whatever their cause,—constitute one genuine religious brotherhood. And thus the loyal co-workers in any field,—in art, science, society,—are, according to Royce, religious devotees and in communion with the Absolute Spirit; for they are loyal to super-individual causes whose meaning and rationality can only be understood in terms of one super-human Life.

Those who are repelled by Idealism on account of its alleged thin abstractions and remoteness from life should read this 'sun-clear' and 'life-intoxicated' book.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By George Malcolm Stratton. London: George Allen & Co., 1911. Pp. 367. (Published in the Library of Philosophy. Edited by J. H. Muirhead.)

Although Professor Stratton is a professional psychologist, he has found occasion to refer in the text of this book to only one of the psychologists who have made their names known in the field of religion, and that reference is insignificant. The mention of this fact is intended here as an acknowledgment of the originality of Professor Stratton in the treatment of his problem.

His data come first from the great canonical collections, the epics, the reliable accounts of customs and observances, and only in the second place from introspective reports of individuals. For, as the author believes, not the statements of individuals in answer to questions or otherwise, but "the prayer, the hymn, the myth, the sacred prophecies . . . furnish to the psychologist the best means of examining the full nature of religion, in its diverse forms" (Preface). If one's purpose is to give a vivid and definite impression of the conflict of motives and practices in religious life, this method is undoubtedly the better one. But there are problems for the solution of which individual records are the more precious, and even the only sufficient source of information.

Students of religion owe Professor Stratton a debt of gratitude for having opened more systematically and widely than

had been done before, the treasure-house of social religious records. No race, and hardly any people, remains unrepresented: Australians, North and South Americans, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Hindoos, Egyptians, Greeks, Jews, Arabs, Persians, are made to contribute from their sacred writings, or unwritten customs and beliefs, to an admirably comprehensive picture of the varieties of motives, practices, and ideas, which enter into the almost endless forms of religion.

The book is divided into four parts with the following titles: *Conflicts in Regard to Feeling and Emotion; Conflicts in Regard to Action; Conflicts in Regard to Religious Thought; Central Forces in Religion.* This last part is much the shortest; it includes forty-two pages, divided into three chapters: *The Idealizing Act, Change and Permanence in the Ideal, Standards in Religion.*

The manysidedness, the breadth of sympathy, the careful moderation, and the literary taste evinced in this book give it a place apart. Concerning the outcome of the work, it can be said truly that the author has achieved his end, namely, to give "a vivid and definite impression of the war of motives in religion" (Preface). This conflict he has succeeded in making evident, in explaining, and in illustrating by like conflicts that are not religious. We are shown in an impressive array of facts drawn from every quarter of the earth, that there is in religious life both appreciation and contempt of self, breadth and narrowness of sympathy, acceptation and renunciation of the world, gloom and cheer, coolness and fondness for rites, activity and passivity, trust and jealousy of intellect, opposition of picture and thought in the representation of the divine, many gods and one god, divinities at hand and divinities afar off. (I have merely reproduced, more or less textually, headings of chapters.)

These merits acknowledged and appreciated, there remains in my mind a regret that Professor Stratton treated his subject as he did. But he performed a task of his own choosing, and many will doubtless disagree with me and feel that a more profitable point of view than the one from which he proceeded in his investigation of religious life, could hardly have been found. In any case there will be unanimity, I suppose, in the opinion that the book is as much a study of the rich diversity of human nature seen in religious life, as a study of religion itself.

The only criticism I shall offer will bear upon the author's

definition of religion and his defense of the noetic value of religion. The formula in which he expresses the dominant characteristic of religion seems to me deficient in that it places the emphasis upon appreciation, *i. e.*, upon a class of feelings and not upon active desire. The sense of value is no more a specific characteristic of religion than is any other feeling. "Religion," he tells us, "is the appreciation of an unseen world, usually an unseen company; and religion is also whatever seems clearly to be moving toward such an appreciation or to be returning from it. Or perhaps it might better be described as man's whole bearing toward what seems to him the Best or Greatest." A little further on he adds: "Religion is the gradual awakening to the weight and import of a peculiar order of objects. The sense of value, of significance, has found a new medium, a new direction" (pp. 343, 345). The deeper aspect of religion,—because the deeper aspect of life,—is in my opinion a desire for, and an attempt to secure things that are valued. But that which differentiates religious from secular life is the kind of power from which the gratification of desire is expected. To be religious is better defined, in my opinion, as *entering into or standing in dynamic relation* with an unseen hyperhuman company because of one's appreciation of the outcome of this relation.

I find myself in complete agreement with the author's understanding of the relation of feeling to religion as set forth in a passage on pages 341-2, beginning with the sentence, "The truth is missed when some special feeling is believed to be religion's characteristic mark."[1]

The chief interest of the last chapter (*Standards of Religion*) lies in its defense of the proposition that "Religion is justified in taking part in the discovery of the truth." This old question is again much in evidence since the advent of the pragmatic philosophy. I shall use Professor Stratton's presentation as an occasion for a brief expression of my own views.

I wish that instead of insisting upon the right of the heart and of the conscience to a share in the establishment of objective truth, he had insisted rather upon the *nature* of that influence

[1] See also pp. 121, 122, 125*ff*, and compare my similar statements in "Religion as a Factor in the Struggle for Life," *Am. Jr. of Psy. and Educ.*, II, 1906, pp. 314-318. See also the two first chapters of "A Psychological Study of Religion: Its Origin, Function, and Future," Macmillan & Co., 1912.

and indicated the *limitations* of the function of desire and need in the determination of objective truth. What are exactly the respective legitimate functions of heart and intellect? Man has not waited for the permission of the philosopher to accept the guidance of his moral needs in determining reality. Religious souls have usually done more; they have behaved as if the moral needs were not merely one of the guides to knowledge, but its own instrument. It is because of this wantonness of piety that the dominant religious beliefs of the present, instead of harmonizing with and completing those of science, are altogether alien or antagonistic to them. The Ritschlian school of theology, for instance, in order to save 'faith,' claims in behalf of theology a complete divorce of science and metaphysics.

The relation of human needs,—whether the need of causal explanation, of logical consistency, of moral harmony, or of any other kind,—to the discovery of the reality through which they may be gratified is expressible in the following propositions. All human needs have the same function in the discovery of factual truth: they constitute merely demands and incentives. It is the intellect which passes upon the validity of each factual proposition made in the interest of any need. The determination "of the concrete system of facts" qualified to meet the demands of the heart and of conscience belongs thus also to science.

Can those who would reject these propositions say why and wherein the rights of the intellect should be different when the question is one of the satisfaction of the body from when it is one of the satisfaction of the heart? In the first case, there is, for instance, a craving. The object desired may take a definite form, let it be some particular food or medicine. The desired food or drug taken, the body is satisfied. In the second case, the heart yearns for friendship or love; the object of the craving may here also assume a definite form; it may be a man, a woman, or a god. Presently the heart has found its satisfaction. The need as felt, and the gratification as experienced, are incontrovertible, absolute facts. It would be as absurd for science to challenge them as to challenge bare sensation or simple feeling. But it is otherwise when it is affirmed that one particular substance is the cause of the relief to the body or that the objective existence of a particular transhuman Order or Being is the

cause of the moral comfort. Here science is in both cases in its rightful province.

What is the intention of those who in this connection remind us, as does Professor Stratton, that science proceeds upon assumptions that cannot be fully verified, that "scientific labor is always a sifting and a rearranging and supplementing of what the senses offer." What of that? Is it implied that an equal freedom is refused to religion? Would that religion were as careful in establishing its factual truths as is science! The only proper use that may be made of this reminder, is as a warning to religion that although it, as well as science, possesses the right to make hypotheses, it cannot claim for them equal certainty with those of science until, when examined with all possible 'critical cunning,' these religious hypotheses have been found to fit the facts for the explanation of which they were devised as well as the scientific hypotheses agree with the facts to which they refer. Does, for instance, the hypothesis of a righteous and benevolent personal God in direct communication with man and in control of the physical world fit the facts as the known physical phenomena fit the hypotheses of science? The only possible answer to this query is negative.

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THE STABILITY OF TRUTH: A DISCUSSION OF REALITY AS RELATED TO THOUGHT AND ACTION. By David Starr Jordan. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1911. Pp. 180.

The gist of this little volume,—the substance of six lectures delivered on the John Calvin McNair Foundation, in the University of North Carolina, in January, 1910,—is expressed in the following passages: "The purpose of this book is to set forth the doctrine that the final test of truth is found in trusting our lives to it. Truth is livable, while error is not, and the difference appears through the strain of the conduct of life. Science is human experience tested and set in order. . . . It is often claimed that the real nature of the thing in itself is so distant from our experiences, so absolutely inscrutable, incomprehensible, and unknowable, that we can have no truth whatever in regard to it. All we have is our expression of certain effects on our consciousness. We assume, without real

proof, it is said, that our various sensations are transcripts of any actuality whatever, and, furthermore, that we do not know that our sense impressions accord in any degree with impressions which may be made on other types of consciousness. It is further asserted that our own sense-impressions, whatever they may be, are in every case vitiated (or vitalized) by personal and individual habits of inference and reasoning. All these qualities of personality, it is claimed, lead us, if possible, still further from the actual character of the actual thing in itself.

"The answer to this is found in that fact that men and animals are guided by their realities. They live by truth. That they move safely implies safe guidance, the power to 'size up the situation' about them with substantial accuracy, so far as it concerns themselves. . . . The sense-organs of every animal are so constructed that its realities are adequate to its needs. The need is not that of a 'copy or transcript of nature, but accuracy as prompting fruitful attack or exploitation.' For this truth in dealing with external things is not primarily knowledge of the things themselves, but rather of their relation to each other and to us. Effective action depends on ability to 'size up a situation.' It is the situation or correlation of objects which impresses us rather than the things in themselves" (pp. 4, 7).

The author follows closely the pragmatism of James, but makes an important change in terminology. 'Livableness' is the test of truth for him rather than 'workableness.' "An idea may be 'workable' because the people concerned are willing to try to use it in their work. . . . If a doctrine is livable, we can trust our lives to it. . . . This is the final test, the test of the long run, for no doctrine can find its full test in the lifetime of an individual" (p 11). This livableness of truth the author finds exemplified in the great body of scientific knowledge. "We do not yet know what electricity is. We have large experience in what it will do, and in the changing relations of objects produced by changes in electrical conditions. This knowledge tested and set in order constitutes electrical science. To this we trust our lives every day, those of us who travel by rail at the mercy of the block system and the train despatcher. If this knowledge were not true so far as it goes, and so far as it concerns us, the error involved in it would prove fatal, not at once necessarily, nor to all of us, but in the long run to the race, to all who trust to the methods by which this knowledge was obtained" (p. 12).

Again, the test of livableness is exemplified in the process of organic evolution. "In the main it is a process of adaptation, by which the needs of the organism are brought into closer and closer correspondence with the demands of the environment. . . . The brain and its associated structures form what we may term a device for making action safe. The safety of action is the animal's test of realities" (p. 47). Finally, this test of livableness is the test of moral worth. "Might does not make right, but that which is right will justify itself as the basis of race stability" (p. 57).

The remainder of the book is but an elaboration of this thesis of livableness as the test of truth. It is interesting to note, as coming from the pen of an eminent scientist, the pragmatic conclusion as to the relative claims of vitalism and mechanism. "The long dispute as to mechanism and vitalism cannot end in a victory of one side or the other. If processes of life are included under 'chemism,' then 'chemism' is not a perfectly simple and transparent idea. It must include all the complexities gathered under the term vitalism. Life is so different from anything which would be inferred from a knowledge of the simple phenomena of chemistry and physics, that it seems to call for special terms and special explanations. . . . But chemical forces are adequate to produce whatever effects chemical forces can be shown to produce. 'If the mystery of causal sequences is the same everywhere, nothing is gained for explanatory purposes by exaggerating it at one place and then giving it a name'" (p. 75).

The weakest portion of the book is that in which it seeks to fulfill the conditions of the lectureship "to show the mutual bearing of science and theology upon each other, and to prove the existence (so far as may be) of God from Nature." Here, unquestionably, the scientist finds himself in an uncomfortable situation; and he makes all haste to escape as quickly and as discreetly as possible. One paragraph to prove the existence of God; and the matter is carefully abandoned. Philosophic readers will scarcely be satisfied with so summary and inherently self-contradictory a dismissal of the subject. "Our experience with the objective universe and its effects on our subjective consciousness, seems to imply the existence of a still larger consciousness, in which the objective and subjective shall be united. . . . There seems to be outside ourselves, as well as within, a com-

pelling 'force that makes for righteousness.' Outside ourselves is 'the ceaseless flow of energy and the rational intelligence that pervades it. . . .' That there should exist a 'law of Heaven and earth whose way is solid, substantial, vast, and unchanging' seems to imply an intelligence adequate to have made it so, and to comprehend it as a whole," etc. (p. 40).

On the whole the book is an interesting presentation of the pragmatic method as exemplified in the realm of science and in the conduct of life. It is particularly noteworthy in so far as it comes from one who speaks with the authority of the expert scientist. If it fails to comply with the conditions of the foundation, such failure does not detract from the wholesomeness of much of its logical spirit.

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The Life of Ruskin. By E. T. Cook. London: George Allen & Co., 1911. 2 Vols. Pp. xxv, 540; xiv, 615.

Ruskin: A Study in Personality. By A. C. Benson. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1911. Pp. 264.

As Mr. Cook justly laments, an attitude of 'we have got long past that now' prevails towards Ruskin's work nowadays; yet, with the possible exception of Carlyle, no English man of letters has so deeply influenced the general moral tone of his time. To understand this influence we must note that both Ruskin and Carlyle, unlike though they were in many ways, were united in a fundamental sympathy of antagonism to the world in general and to the orthodox English school of economists in particular. They are the leaders of the reaction against that complacent 'mid-Victorian' spirit, which died as the nineteenth century wore on, and whose death seemed to those that hated it to mean the rebirth of imagination and emotion in the treatment of human affairs. It is significant that they were both of lowland Scots stock,—an origin which secured for them both a large dose of deeply puritanical religious feeling. Their points of difference no doubt are striking. Carlyle was almost a peasant. Ruskin's parents were of humble origin, but his father was a successful wine merchant of literary and artistic tastes, who bequeathed to his son a

large fortunte and a genuine *bourgeois* love, very alien to Carlyle, of elegance and refinement. Carlyle's up-bringing was spare and grim; Ruskin's coddled childhood was passed in a London suburb where evangelical strictness became almost graceful in an atmosphere of luxury. Carlyle never lost the dourness of his native hills; Ruskin was notable for accessibility and for suavity of address. Carlyle cared nothing for art; half Ruskin's life was talking and writing about beauty. Yet in the welter of London, iniquitous center of a coarsely material civilization, these two weary and tormented spirits knew themselves for kin, whereas with Rossetti, the true artist and worshiper of beauty, Ruskin quarreled definitely. Stormy passages there were. In the earlier days Carlyle fastened on the younger man as good a label as on any of those that he hated, "a bottle of beautiful soda-water." But as time passed they drew closer together, and to the second phase of Ruskin's work Carlyle gave whole-hearted approval. When his growls became too outrageous, Ruskin would throw his arms round the bear and lovingly protest, "Now, now, this is too bad!" So we find Carlyle writing (1869), "Many, many are the Phœbus Apollo celestial arrows you will have shot into the foul Pythons and poisonous abominable Megatheriums and Plesiosaurians that go staggering about, large as cathedrals, in our sunk epoch again"; and, in 1872, "No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have."

Carlyle's judgments were often enough wrong-headed, and we may be inclined not to take this one very seriously, so dim a figure has Ruskin become compared with Carlyle himself. One reason for this probably is that while Carlyle had something of that rugged Johnsonian greatness which makes personality survive in anecdotes and memoirs, Ruskin's character, though morally much more estimable, is too ethereal, too inhuman both in its weakness and its strength, to be permanently attractive. However that may be, he begins to suffer the common fate of the great writer who has reached the stage of collected editions: the imposing volumes are stacked on our shelves, and our ideas about him grow vague and fixed. In this case, if we mention him, it is usually with some irritation. We think of Ruskin art pottery, or of those bad-tempered little volumes,

"Mornings in Florence" and "St. Mark's Rest," which are still part of the less enlightened tourist's equipment in Italy. Sometimes, as in fairness, we give him credit for discovering Turner, whereas in fact he by no means discovered Turner, but merely vindicated Turner's later manner against the critics of the '40's. But persists on the whole a vision of a querulous dogmatist scolding 'like a mad governess' because we cannot fall in with his bitterly narrow religious views, or will not accept a definition of beauty which he has no sooner laid down than he upsets it by a contradictory definition; preaching stern morality in endless incoherent books while he rolls luxuriously through Europe in a post-chaise; as Professor at Oxford scandalizing audiences by a mixture of buffoonery and intolerance; founding a derided St. George's Guild with badges and sham medieval titles of honor; finally in old age exchanging romantic letters with troops of May Queens. In short, the general impression left on our minds is a rather unpleasant one of extravagant sentimentality. We have moved into a different age where the celestial arrows seem to have lost their sting.

There is tragedy in this, because Ruskin's life was both noble and useful, though it was full of failures, and absurd failures, too. Mr. Cook does not bring out this fact clearly enough. His volumes are perfectly candid, and contain, admirably marshaled, all the materials for forming an estimate of Ruskin's genius; but they are no more than a good specimen of ordinary official biography, just but reverential, and not lively. Mr. Benson goes much deeper. It does not matter that the lectures which he has put together as a book are discursive and unpolished. They make delightful reading, and, above all, they fulfill the promise of their title, "A Study in Personality"; indeed, it would be hard to mention a more skilfull performance in the way of sympathetic yet detached delineation of a great man's character. Mr. Benson seems to agree with Tolstoy in thinking Ruskin one of the great forces of the nineteenth century, yet he does not minimize his failures or the element of the ludicrous in them. He notes Ruskin's Scotch canniness and stiffness of backbone,—the very qualities which, when combined with an ardently emotional temperament, are apt to obliterate for their possessor the line between the sublime and the ridiculous. And as regards Ruskin's fame as an art critic Mr. Benson does not mince matters. As a critic (and in this capacity he was most

imperiously dogmatic) he was incompetent, because ignorant and narrow-minded. True, he opened up many new and important fields, his great achievements in this line being, in addition to the defence of Turner, his launching of the Pre-Raphaelites and his discovery of Italian Gothic, of the Primitives, of Tintoret, and of Carpaccio. But his appreciations did not blaze out from any systematic study of beautiful things; they were, rather, accidental results of the deeper fires of his nature,—fires far other than the artist's or scholar's passion for beauty as such,—and consequently were quite erratic and arbitrary. His gaze, wherever he directed it, to the chiseling of a capital or the veined articulations of a leaf, had an extraordinary quality of patient and piercing observation. But he directed it on irrelevant principles. He was always thinking of God and duty. Hence, though he agreed with what Mazzini said of him,—that he had "the most analytical mind in Europe,"—his was the kind of analytical power which, though it may be necessary, is not sufficient to the making of a critic. The applause which greeted his art-criticism combined with his natural self-confidence to delude him on this head, the reason why the public respected his pronouncements about art being, as Mr. Benson well points out, partly that he connected art with religion and morality, and partly that he hit the popular taste for a show of system-making. "It is an ironical proof of the turn of the Anglo-Saxon reader for what may be called the book-keeping theory of literature, that it [the public] accepted Ruskin's art-teaching . . . because it was conveyed under the form of sub-divisions" (p. 133). The whole pretty business of classification is of course the merest child's-play; he said himself that he had great difficulty to keep the seven lamps of architecture from becoming eight or nine "or even quite a vulgar row of footlight," and on the side of esthetic theory no one can now maintain that Ruskin's views have any value apart from their incidental suggestiveness. Nor has his teaching had any effect on the practical side of art. Except for his encouragement of the Pre-Raphaelites (themselves a flutter which has now subsided) he influenced no school of painting. With all his reputation he could not get the Turner drawings properly cared for. The frescoes with which he helped to decorate the Oxford Union have faded. The Oxford Museum, built under his supervision, was a failure. The whole apparatus

of his Gothic revival is lumber. Similarly, if we turn to the economic side of his work, that impracticable road, which he caused his Oxford students to build at Hinckley, is typical of the whole. Dickens's novels contributed to the improvement of workhouses and private schools; they helped to abolish Doctor's Commons and untrained sick-nurses; we may even trace to them in some measure the speeding-up of legal procedure and of the routine of government offices. No comparable reform of a practical nature can be directly connected with Ruskin, whose desire to improve the world was yet loftier and purer than that of Dickens. He was a pioneer of education among workingmen, and Mr. Cook points out that he advocated many ideas which, thought mad at the time, have since been put into practice; for instance old-age pensions and universal elementary education. But meanwhile he was ridiculed as a visionary, and neither politicians nor the public paid any attention to his schemes of social welfare. The one definite plan for land reform and regeneration of the people which he actually floated, the St. George's Guild, scarcely pretended to be seaworthy, and foundered at once amid universal laughter. His most tangible success is, perhaps, a certain revolution in the bookselling trade, the establishment of the 'net book system,' which his popularity as a writer on art enabled him to bring about. Was Carlyle, then, deluded by personal sympathy when he saw him as a Phœbus Apollo transfixing poisonous Megatheriums?

The answer must be that Carlyle was right. Ruskin was a preacher and a prophet. He may not have succeeded in getting done any particular thing that was preëminently worth doing, yet, by published writings, by lecturing and teaching, by a constant flood of letters and by wide personal intercourse, he deeply affected English life in two ways: his zeal for righteousness pricked the consciences of large numbers of people, and his zeal for beauty in nature and art to some extent opened their eyes. The analysis of Turner's merits, the sermons of "Modern Painters," the theories of "The Stones of Venice" as to the relation between art and national morality, the economics (drawn from a study of Xenophon and Plato and Isaiah) of "Unto this Last,"—all this may be hopelessly incorrect, yet it did at every turn bring home to multitudes new images of goodness and beauty. We are a 'practical' people,

and it is fatally easy for us, even in the twentieth century, to stint municipal and national expenditure on art and education, and to count nothing good but what can be measured in terms of cash: it would have been much easier, had Ruskin never written. Surely it is a great thing to have made the British public even begin to take art seriously, and it is a greater thing to have infected many minds with a sense of the intolerable evil of modern industrial conditions. No writer has been so efficient in communicating both aspiration for high ideals and intense hatred of existing evils. And what made him efficient was his acquisition, by patient toil, of a style of such flexibility that it could range through every tone, from the bite of ironic denunciation, through pompous and measured rhetoric, to heights of lyrical splendor. In whatever respects he failed, in language he must be admitted to be an artist of that major breed which writes well not merely for the sake of writing well, but from an unquenchable sincerity without which no intricacy of word-painting will greatly move a large audience. And for a style to be really effective in England, it is not enough that it should spring from sincerity alone; that sincerity itself must be deep-rooted in religion and morality. With all his foibles Ruskin succeeded because he passionately desired that mankind should turn away from evil, and because he had the Bible not only in his mouth, but in his heart. Such a temperament, though it may fit a man to influence his generation, leads almost inevitably to self-torture and suffering which fame can hardly recompense. But I have no space to dwell on the inner tragedies of Ruskin's life; they are traced to their sources in Mr. Benson's book. A phrase of Manning's well expresses this background of pain: "Fors Clavigera," he said, was like listening to the beating of one's heart in a nightmare; and I will end by quoting a sentence from a letter of Ruskin's to C. E. Norton: "The peace in which I am at present is only as if I had buried myself in a tuft of grass on a battle-field wet with blood, for the cry of the earth about me is in my ears continually."

SYDNEY WATERLOW.

London, England.

VARIA SOCRATICA: FIRST SERIES. By A. E. Taylor. St. Andrew's University Publications. Oxford, Parker, 1911. Pp. xii, 269.

Without attempting a discussion, which would not be appropriate here, of the theories propounded in this book, I wish to draw the attention of readers to them, as they are important not merely for the classical scholar or the student of ancient philosophy, but for anyone who is interested in the personality and position of Socrates. The figure of Socrates dominates Greek philosophy; its combination of nobility with homely picturesqueness has a fascination that never dies; nothing that enlarges or greatly changes our conception of the martyr and sage who was one of the forces inspiring Platonism can be indifferent to us. It would therefore be a pity if Prof. Taylor, who attacks all ordinary views about Socrates and contends that the history of Greek philosophy must be re-written, were only read by specialists.

We are accustomed to think of Socrates as above all 'a moralist of the marketplace,' an original character, with a touch of the prophet's madness, who in and out of season practised a system of cross-questioning with the object of clearing up men's ideas about right and wrong conduct. Apart from ethics, we do not usually connect him with any definite philosophical theories; he stands out rather as a stimulus to philosophy in others, and as in this way the chief, if not the only, begetter of Platonism and the Academy. He was tried, as we all know, on a charge of impiety and corruption of the young; yet most of us would be hard put to it to give any precise account of the bearing of these proceedings on his life and doctrines. Over both these matters, his death and the nature of his relation to Platonism, a certain veil of mystery does in fact still hang. The difficulty as to Plato is roughly this. Xenophon (a humdrum but trustworthy writer), Aristotle and Aristophanes (in his burlesque *The Clouds*) combine on the whole to represent Socrates as having indeed in his youth been interested in physics, mathematics, and cosmological speculations, but as confining himself in mature life to ethics and politics; yet his disciple Plato wrote a series of dialogues which dramatically picture him as developing the body of metaphysical doctrine that centers round the famous 'theory of ideas.' Which are we to believe? The ordinary way

of getting over the difficulty is to say that the Socrates of the dialogues is almost all invention,—that it is his own splendid poetry and refined speculations that Plato puts into the mouth of the master. Again, the trial and death of Socrates remain enigmatic in spite of the full accounts of them that are extant. The leaders of the restored democracy were sober men, not extremists; why should they have singled him out as a victim? The charges have an air of being trumped up, and the motives of the prosecution are obscure.

These are real difficulties, and the great merit of Prof. Taylor's book is that it drags them to the light and tries to solve them by bringing them into connection with one another. First, as to the trial. We require, as its real cause, an 'impiety' which shall also be high treason. This Prof. Taylor finds in Socrates's adhesion to Orphic and Pythagorean doctrines, in itself harmless enough, but made dangerous by his personal eminence and the fact that the Pythagoreans were foreigners with anti-democratic tendencies. When we see that Socrates was suspected as the 'able and dangerous head' of an association of foreigners, a semi-mystical brotherhood who hated the democracy and imported religious novelties, his removal as a menace to the state becomes intelligible. His Pythagoreanism, again, gives the clue to the other great puzzle, the question as to the historical value of the Platonic dialogues. Starting from the mystical side of his character, which is admitted, Prof. Taylor argues that the conception of him as merely a moralist is wholly false. The dialogues are not fiction; the teacher whom we see in them combining the two aspects of Pythagoreanism,—the religious ecstasy of the follower of the True Way and the systematic intellectual activity of the mathematician, scientist, and metaphysician,—is a true picture of the actual man. The 'theory of ideas' was familiar to him, as was the whole Platonic apparatus of technical terms connected with the doctrine of things in themselves. He appears "not merely as the continuator of the religious side of Pythagoreanism, the Olympic contest for eternal life against the world, the flesh and the devil, but also as its continuator on the more purely speculative side, as a searcher after the real essences and causes of the world-order" (p. 266).

The theory is startling and revolutionary. To establish it Prof. Taylor manipulates a vast mass of evidence with an erudition which can only be admired, and an ingenuity which, while

it is admired, must sometimes be suspected. Much of Plato's *Apology* has to be interpreted afresh; Xenophon has to be discredited altogether; a greater weight has to be put on the testimony of Aristophanes's *Clouds* than the play will perhaps bear; a crucial passage of Aristotle has to bé explained away. Tremendous operations all of them, and opinions will differ as to the extent to which, in attacking them, Prof. Taylor has given us 'truth mixed with error, shade with rays.' Meanwhile there can be no dispute as to the service he has done in showing up the puzzles, too often shirked, that cluster round a subject which is vital for the whole history of philosophy. We are promised a second series of essays on the same theme, and I hope that their appearance will not be long delayed.

SYDNEY WATERLOW.

London, England.

UN ROMANTISME UTILITAIRE: Étude sur le mouvement pragmatiste. Par René Berthelot, membre de l'Académie de Belgique. Le pragmatisme chez Nietzsche et chez Poincaré. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan, 1911. Pp. 416.

In accordance with his interpretation of pragmatism as "un romantisme utilitaire," M. Berthelot seeks various divergent sources for the thought of Nietzsche and Poincaré, and his work is interesting and able as a history of modern thought. The best part of the book is that devoted to the "fragmentary and hesitating" pragmatism of the scientist, where the treatment of the doctrine of probability is particularly good and suggestive. The defense of Euclidean geometry will interest many, although it does not seem conclusive, whilst no reason seems given for the concluding remark (p. 401) that the principles of geometry correspond to an essential moment in the mind's dialectic.

In discussing Nietzsche, M. Berthelot is too interested in seeking 'sources,' although this makes his essay more generally instructive. He tends to agreement with Nietzsche chiefly in his ethical views. Moralists go astray in postulating a system of practical judgments free from contradiction (pp. 180*ff*): the conflict of moral interests shows that this is absurd. But surely there is no *contradiction* in saying, for example, that x is good, y is good, and x and y are not both obtainable; yet this is all that M. Berthelot offers as his proof.

Both Nietzsche and Poincaré, he thinks, are misled by equivocal terms, such as 'life,' 'simple,' etc. A future work is promised on forms of pragmatism intermediary to the radical pragmatism of the artist, Nietzsche, and the tentative partial pragmatism of the scientist, Poincaré. M. Berthelot has certainly undertaken the most complete account and criticism yet attempted of this movement, and this first installment abundantly shows his competence for such a considerable task.

R. SMITH.

Cambridge, England.

RAZIONALISMO E MISTICISMO, SAGGI E PROFILI. By Michele Losacco. Milano: Libreria Editrice Milanese, 1911. Pp. 259.

The first half of this book consists of six fairly long essays on Rationalism and Mysticism, Mysticism in the early Greek Philosophers, The Renaissance of Mysticism, Meinong's *Gegenstandstheorie* and Rationalism, Rationalism and Intuitionism, and on Jacob Boehme. The second hundred pages contain fourteen brief articles on Hegel, Leopardi, Hamann, Croce, Delacroix, Varisco, etc., of such an ephemeral nature that they hardly merited reprinting in a volume. It would seem that the title is due to an attempt to confer a fictitious unity by an opening essay upon a number of scattered articles and reviews. Rationalism and mysticism, indeed, understood as the author wishes to understand those terms, would shelter any philosophical writing whatever under its ægis. Rationalism, we are told, is "that attitude which admits the presence in the universe of an absolute and infinite reason whereof human consciousness forms but a part." Of mysticism we are given no formal definition of the writer's own, but he quotes with approval: "The word 'mystic' is used to designate anyone who regards as supreme a definite ideal, for which he strives with his whole being, whether that ideal be religious, moral, æsthetic, or political. Reasoned philosophical demonstration may be present together with the emotion which inspires the pursuit of this ideal,—or it may be absent. In any case, however, the necessary characteristic remains the need of fixing the thought upon an object which of itself entirely satisfies it."

Neither is the former the rationalism nor the latter the mysti-

cism of the common use of language. The title of the book is decidedly misleading.

It may indeed be that the permanent value of mystic teaching lies in the immediately felt sanction of morality, and indirectly in a profound impulse toward the elevation of the practical life. But mysticism is in itself not a practical attitude toward life. It is a system of metaphysics which for the most part results in a definite aversion from the life of the world around, and in the quietist ethics of the Orient. To divorce mysticism from metaphysics is to take away from it its very essence; and the contention that mysticism is not concerned with a 'knowledge' of ultimate reality, but that this manifestation is "a strange aberration" (p. 10) is a misconception which goes far to confuse the already somewhat disjointed discussions in the book. Even so, the author is not careful to maintain consistently this conception of mysticism. In one passage he seems, in spite of the very radical contradiction to his general position, definitely to accept the Hegelian thesis, when he says: "Not everyone is able to rise to the heights of philosophic abstraction, but everyone has the capacity of unconsciously living the life of the philosopher, apprehending the Absolute in that simple and primitive manner, which is the soul's immediate contact with God."

It would appear that the writer has allowed himself, first to replace mysticism by Christian mysticism, and then to replace Christian mysticism by Christian ethics. In several passages, in so many words, he argues from Christian mysticism to mysticism in general (*e. g.*, pp. 11-13). This profound misunderstanding certainly detracts from the value of the book regarded as a study in mysticism and gives a decidedly paradoxical turn to the main thesis, which is an attempt to show that religion and philosophy (intuition and reason) are mutually compatible.

The conclusion to which the argument leads him, broken as it is by essays and reviews that have little in common with this theme, is reached in the last of the essays in the second half of the book. "Neither science nor philosophy can replace religion, because both tell us that the world is so because it is so, and do but transcribe it ideally. They are aristocratic and separatist. They do not fraternize with and comfort everybody as religion does. They add nothing from beyond to the world of experience. They allow no meaning to the profound desire of

the individual spirit to project its own value and eternality beyond the limits of finite experience." Mysticism (*i. e.*, religion) is to be interpreted as a manifestation of practical activity. As such it can come into no collision with rationalism (*i. e.*, philosophical idealism).

Religion has had to sacrifice too much to win acquittal. To confine mysticism to conduct at the outset is to have rendered the aim of the discussion superfluous. Hegel's solution is far preferable; and it is better to leave a naked opposition than to reconcile religion and philosophy by multilating both.

Nevertheless, the attempt is interesting. The criticism of Bergson in the fifth essay is moderate and sound; but the book as a whole is disappointing. It was hardly to have been expected that articles and essays of this nature would have shown an entire unity of plan, but some of them are so trifling and so loosely connected with the argument that their inclusion is a serious blemish on a work, which by its title implies a good deal more than a collection of *disjecta membra*.

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Oxford, England.

PERSONALITY IN CHRIST AND IN OURSELVES. By William Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Lady Margaret Professor and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1911. Pp. 75.

In this book Dr. Sanday continues discussions begun in another work called "Christologies Ancient and Modern." His object is to render the Incarnation intelligible to the modern mind, approaching it from the standpoint of psychology. His question is: How far does the present knowledge of the human mind enable us to understand the statement that Jesus Christ was very God and very man?

He thinks that the conception of the subliminal self,—on which some psychologists, notably the late F. W. H. Myers ("Human Personality") and Professor William James ("The Varieties of Religious Experience") have laid much emphasis,—throws some light on the question. It is held that the succession of conscious states is but a small part of our inner life. Below the threshold of distinct consciousness is a large reservoir in which are stored the results of past experiences. These states

are active and they continually influence one another; for principles, ideas, and emotions often return from the depths considerably modified. More: from this subliminal region there comes, sometimes at least, what did not enter through the senses or had its origin in reflection on the data supplied by them. This suggests that there is another entrance to the mind through which it comes into direct contact with an order of realities different from that accessible immediately or mediately to the senses. The reservoir is not, so to speak, closed at its lower end. It is fed from below. In the subliminal depths we come into relation with the Divine. The unconscious region or subliminal self is the proper and natural sphere of divine influence in the soul. Hence the method of Divine operation is hidden. A man prays; this is a direct and conscious act: the answer is not. "The man finds that he *has* what he wants, and what he has asked for; his strength *is* proportioned to his need; he *does* have joy and peace in believing. And he knows that this is due to no effort of his own, but to some subtle movement in the depths of his being" (p. 41). These secret workings come nearer the surface in some exceptional natures such as prophets and mystics; they have a more vivid experience of God than ordinary men, as we see by a reference to their writings and biographies.

Now Christ's inner life had this subliminal region, and his Deity had its 'seat' there. His consciousness was truly human in its operations, and the mode and region of the working of the Divine indwelling were not essentially different in Him from what they are in us, in so far as the Holy Spirit may be said to dwell in our hearts. "The difference was not in the essence, nor yet in the mode or sphere of the indwelling, but *in the relation of the indwelling to the Person.*" The Divine influences in us "touch more lightly or less lightly upon the Person, but they do not *hold and possess* it, as the Deity within Him *held and possessed* the Person of the incarnate Christ" (p. 48).

This interesting hypothesis suggests several questions, two of the more fundamental being the following: How is human personality to be conceived? And, What is the nature of the relation between the Divine and the human? Professor Sanday gives an answer to the first question. He does not, however, discuss the second; nor does he seem to have thought out his conception of personality in relation to it. The word person, he says, may denote the ground of individual being, or the total

self which includes the body, the vehicle of perception and motor activity and the medium of relation with other selves, or a smaller inner self. This last is the essential person. It is not compound, but simple, one and indivisible. Yet it is continuous with the whole. It represents the chief activities of the soul and dominates the others. Its function is to govern, control, unify. This self is (i) the centre or pivot or determining principle of unity; (ii) the thread of personal unity and identity; (iii) the vehicle of reflective consciousness; (iv) possesses the power of initiative; and has (v) the power of authoritative control.

It is questionable whether Dr. Sanday would find many psychologists to accept his description of the attributes of the ego. The attributes mentioned are too abstract and general to account for the concrete unity and organization characteristic of human experience, whether religious or non-religious. Some of them cannot be asserted except on general metaphysical grounds. Psychological data do not afford ground for saying that the small inner self is more simple and indivisible than the larger self with which it is in continuous active relation. And why should reflection be attributed to this self and perception denied it? Fundamentally, as Prof. Ward maintains ("Naturalism and Agnosticism," Vol. II, Part IV), the difference between perceiving and thinking is a difference of complexity. The subject of sense experience is one and continuous with the subject of knowledge. Again, the sense of continuity and identity depends, many psychologists believe, on the mass of vital sensations. Moreover,—and this objection is more serious for Dr. Sanday's theory,—his conception of self does not help us to understand the relation between the Divine and the human. The hypothesis of the subliminal self is independent of it. The two conceptions are merely brought together by the further hypothesis that the ego's life is largely subliminal. From the mystical point of view, —which seems to be the point of view from which Prof. Sanday approaches his problem,—it may be urged, on the one hand, that the ego is too large, and on the other, that it is too small; too large in that it leaves too solid a core of individuality to resist the union of the human consciousness with the Divine; and too small in view of the singular inclusiveness of the mystical consciousness. To meet the one objection, the individual core should be reduced to a point or mere centre. To meet the other

it should be expanded without limit. Stress should be laid either on the idea that everything the self knows is external to it; or on the idea that it includes all that it knows. If the latter idea be emphasized, it may be said that "in its widest possible sense a man's self is the sum total of all that he *can* call his, not only his body and his psychic powers, but his clothes and his house, his wife and his children, his ancestors and his friends, his reputation and works, his lands and horses, and yacht and bank account. All these give him the same emotions. If they wax and prosper, he feels triumphant; if they dwindle and die away, he feels cast down,—not necessarily in the same degree for each thing, but in much the same way for all" ("James, Principle of Psychology," I, pp. 291-2). Mystics sometimes identify themselves with the universe. They are conscious of oneness with God. The lowering of the threshold of consciousness may be the condition of the expansion of self so as to embrace the Divine. In harmony with this view stress should be laid on the intuitional rather than on the reflective powers of the self.

As already observed, Dr. Sanday does not discuss the nature of the relation between the Divine and the human. He uses the words 'Divine *influence*,' 'Divine *working*,' and speaks of the '*action* of the spirit of God upon the human spirit and faculties of apprehension.' Prof. Howison ("The Limits of Evolution") argues strongly that the influence of the Divine on the human can only be by illumination. The conception of efficient causality should be utterly repudiated in describing it. Prof. Ward, however, thinks ("The Realm of Ends") that we have a valid conception of Divine efficiency in the conception of creation,—a kind of efficient action which has nothing analogous to it in human experience. And the new man is conceived by St. Paul as the creation of God. But is this conception the right one to describe the communion of the human and the Divine in ourselves and in Christ? Communion between finite beings is mediated by knowledge. The knowing relation, Dr. Ward has pointed out, is ultimate and underivative. It cannot be expressed in terms of the lower category of causality. There are causal interactions within experience. But the primary and fundamental relation between the ego and what it knows is not causal. If, however, the relation between the Divine and the human is below the threshold of consciousness and the term

creation is inapplicable, are we not driven to employ the inferior category of causality to express it, or to leave it undefined, and so to find refuge for our perplexities in the unknown?

Professor Sanday has put forward his views in his usual cautious and tentative fashion. And he invites philosophical criticism. It is to be hoped that he will work out further his interesting and suggestive hypothesis.

DAVID PHILLIPS.

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THE PROVINCE OF THE STATE. By Sir Roland K. Wilson, Bart. London: P. S. King & Son, 1911. Pp. xxi, 321.

This is the best recent statement that I know of a point of view in political and social theory not very fashionable nowadays. In the running fight between the advocates, on the one hand, of various forms of State Socialism and the defenders, on the other, of private property and the liberty of the individual, the superiority, to judge from the noise made and the weight of metal thrown, to say nothing of actual legislation, has been all with the more advanced school. "These fight like husbands and live lovers those." But this book, with its plea for "the libertarian state, or state reduced to its lowest terms" has one great advantage over most works both of its own and of the opposite school. The author is a jurist rather than a philosopher, and his theory of the State is characteristic of the legal temperament at its best: it is clear and logical, everyone can understand it, and it seems to provide a definite rule for deciding what the State ought and ought not to do. For Burke the State is "a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection"; for the Neo-Hegelians (T. H. Green and Bosanquet) it is the organ of the 'real will' of its individual members (= their better selves); for Marxian socialists it is the sole rightful owner of property and of the instruments of production. All these conceptions are at once too vague and too ambitious for Sir Roland Wilson; the problem being at bottom always an ethical one,—to decide, namely, how coercion of the individual by government can be justified,—requires for its solution some less fantastic formula.

Sir Roland solves it by narrowing its basis. No one will deny that it is the business of government to keep the peace between individuals: no civilized life is possible unless injustice, vio-

lence, and aggression are prevented. But why go further? Why not assume that this, which certainly is *a* function of the State, is *the* function of the State,—is its essence and definition? This is what Sir Roland does: the State is a "justice-enforcing association," and nothing more. Except for certain marginal difficulties, this formula simplifies everything, for we have only to ask, as to any particular activity, whether it is incidental to the great end of enforcing justice between man and man; if it is, then the State not only may but must undertake it; if not, not.

Thus, on the positive side, we at once obtain the following functions of the State: (1) The establishment and maintenance of judicial tribunals. Sir Roland has long been known as an advocate of law-reform, and this is an important feature of his Utopia. He would have justice practically gratuitous and brought within the reach of all, and he holds that the efficiency of the industrial system would thereby be immensely increased. (2) A police force, army and navy, diplomatic service, colonial office, fiscal department, and legislative department are all obviously indispensable in the business of enforcing justice either among the members of one justice-association or between them and the members of another. But (3) the State must also manage all the land and keep up roads, bridges, etc., because everyone has the right of free locomotion over the earth's surface and of access to its resources. Thus (and in this, the second great distinctive feature of his position, Sir Roland agrees with the earlier rather than the later Herbert Spencer) land will be nationalized "in order that the various rights of occupation and user suitable for cultivation, mining, building, and other industries may be leased from time to time to those able to turn each natural resource to the best account, and therefore to pay the highest ground-rent to the community" (p. 241). (4) Finally, it follows from our formula that the State must maintain dangerous and derelict persons (criminals, lunatics, paupers, and guardianless children), partly because they may become a danger or a nuisance to others, partly because they have rights of their own. Such are the main positive functions flowing from his definition; it is when we draw the necessary inferences as to what the State must not do that the interest becomes acute.

First and foremost, the State must provide no kind of educa-

tion, unless perhaps it may need some officers not to be bought in the open market, *e. g.*, gunnery or torpedo specialists. Nor may it subsidize any kind of public worship, patronize science, art, or literature, nor confer honors (except naval and military distinctions). It should not release either party to a contractual obligation, *e. g.*, a workman forced to accept a subsistence wage from an employer. None of these things come within the scope of enforcing justice, and are best left to private enterprise stimulated by an improved legal system. There remains a number of marginal questions where the line is not so clear. Should the State regulate alcohol, vice, cruelty to animals, public health? Plainly government must intervene to some extent in these matters, or individuals will injure one another; for instance, there must be emergency hospitals, as otherwise a person who has a fit in the street would hamper the police in their regulation of the traffic. But, with our formula before us, intervention will be reduced to a minimum, instead of being constantly extended, as is the existing tendency.

It would seem at first sight as if Sir Roland's Utopia, were it established, would probably not be an improvement in any important respect on the organization of any existing progressive community. As regards the abolition of State-provided education, the weight of opinion among all polite peoples is, as he recognizes, against him. It seems unlikely that any judicial system, however drastically reformed, could have such far-reaching economic effects as he expects; and he himself admits, in the very interesting pages which he devotes to finance, that his scheme of land-nationalization would make no great difference, at any rate for many years, to the sums which the State would find it necessary to raise by rates and taxes. Yet he recognizes that there is something radically wrong with the economic position of modern states, and that the key to social improvement is to be sought in finance; he is in substantial agreement with Mr. J. A. Hobson's diagnosis of the ills of the industrial system and with his desire to use taxation as an instrument for 'socializing surplus profits,' though he disagrees with that writer and his school as to the limits of State regulation, as to State operation of industries, and as to the objects of national and municipal expenditure (p. 240). In short, though something may in the long run be hoped from adjustments of taxation, Sir Roland lays the greatest stress, as a remedy for the unequal distribu-

tion of wealth, on the indirect effects of cheapening and speeding up legal processes, of State ownership of land, of an improved poor-law, and of the all-round stimulus which will follow on the State's retirement from such enterprises as education which are best left to individuals. At each of these points the theory that determines him is that injustice, not poverty, is the enemy against which statesmen should bend their efforts; if injustice is efficiently combated, the foundations of poverty will be sapped, and its final overthrow may be left to individual initiative.

There are two main lines of argument by which this theory may be supported; Sir Roland uses both, and often, as it seems to me, fails to distinguish clearly between them. It may be said that the restriction of State activity to the enforcement of justice is an *a priori* principle involved in the very meaning of the word 'State'; or again reasons for the restriction may be sought in its consequences: it may be urged that better results will follow from the restriction of State activity than from the modern tendency to enlarge it. Now evidently in using an argument of this second kind, it is very important not to include among the good results in question the observance of the very principle postulated as their cause, for if we do this we incur a vicious circle; yet it is not easy for anyone to avoid this error who is convinced that the principle is valuable for its own sake. This is the trap into which Sir Roland seems often to fall. If, in comparing the benefits to be expected from limiting and extending State action, respectively, we are careful to eliminate this fallacious element, we shall not easily come to any certain conclusion. In education, for instance, can we feel sure, apart from an assumption that, of its very nature, the State ought not to provide schools, that State schools must be worse than private ones? Sir Roland argues indeed that on the whole they will be worse and will produce worse effects; but these arguments are not by themselves very convincing, and he is in fact also influenced by the consideration that "there is no injustice, no aggression" (p. 90) in a rich man's being able to give his children a better education than a poor man, and that therefore the State ought not to interfere. So again with industry. We may agree with much of Sir Roland's criticism of collectivism: but unless we weight our judgment beforehand with the principle that, as there is no injustice in a rich man's being able

to hire a poor man to work at a subsistence wage, therefore there is no opening here for State interference, it is impossible to feel certain that more harm than good is done in the long run by legislative enactment of a minimum wage.

Perhaps, however, the other line of argument is sound. Perhaps the extension of State activity beyond the bare enforcing of justice is so clear an evil in itself that, even were it conceivable that the State could make the whole community wiser and better, still we ought to act on the principle that it is the business of the State to enforce justice and not to "make the whole community wiser and better" (p. 121). In general it may be urged that all such principles drawn from abstract definitions are risky. Sir Roland's definition in particular seems open to the objection that it oscillates between vagueness and a certain rigid narrowness. It is narrow, because it often seems to be based solely on such 'rights' as are recognized by English law, whereas it might well be argued that a man may suffer wrong without legal redress,—that, for instance, it is 'unjust' that one man should have more money than he knows how to spend while another can barely make a living. And often Sir Roland does use the conceptions of justice and right in this vaguer, looser, non-legal sense; as, for instance, when he defends the right of the community to the benefits of land-nationalization or of the disestablishment of the Church. The door once opened in this way, I do not see on what principle he can refuse to extend his conception of justice as widely as any socialist; but then his definition of the State's essential function collapses. It may finally be added that, so far as it is precise, this definition, with its unimaginative legal implications, is emotionally unsatisfactory. From this point of view, Burke's "partnership in every virtue and in all perfection" is far preferable.

With so much criticism I have left myself little space for praise, and can only say that the clearness with which Sir Roland makes all his points is altogether admirable. The book is beautifully written. It is full of ripe judgments on men and affairs, expressed with a pleasant dry humor, and never overweighted by the stores of learning and experience on which they evidently rest. And it is singularly free from false sentiment and prejudice.

SYDNEY WATERLOW.

London, England.

THE SPIRIT OF SOCIAL WORK. By Edward T. Devine. New York: Charities Publication Committee, 1911. Pp. 231.

Dr. Devine's book, a collection of papers and addresses on such subjects as Tenement House Reform, Poverty, Woman's Suffrage, the Problem of Crime, charges that responsibility for present-day suffering and wrong belongs primarily to the organized society which permits them, rather than, as in the 'older ethics,' to an individual here and there. To quote his own words: "The dominant idea of the modern philanthropy . . . is . . . a determination to seek out and to strike effectively at those organized forces of evil, at those particular causes of dependence and intolerable living conditions which are beyond the control of the individuals whom they injure and whom they too often destroy. . . . I ask your attention to the common element in alcoholism as fostered by the liquor trust; the destruction of the health . . . of little children in . . . factories, . . . mines, . . . and tenement-house industries, . . . the erection and management of dwellings which are dark, unsanitary, and indecent, because they are among the gilt-edged investments . . . yielding ten and twenty-five per cent. on the capital, but yielding also a plentiful harvest of tuberculosis and other disease" (pp. 194, 195). It is not the criminal himself "at whom stones are to be thrown, but literally the community itself, the individuals who surround the prisoners . . . above all, the spectators" (p. 111).

One of the strongest addresses in the volume is that in which this point of view is applied to the problem of the police. Here as elsewhere, the author drives home his special plea that it is "the outgrown social institution against which society requires protection" (p. 117). "The whole machinery of our courts is much better adapted to sifting out evidence . . . than to handling such questions of education, psychology, reformation, and social economy as are involved in fixing the length of a term of imprisonment or the conditions under which a man guilty of crime can wisely be restored to freedom. . . . We would not buy a suit of clothes or accept an invitation to dinner on such slight acquaintance with the matter as suffices for a decision which may mean imprisonment for six months, the loss of a job, the blasting of a reputation, the beginning of a career of crime "(p. 146).

There is a tendency for those who urge the doctrine of social responsibility to ignore the fact that social institutions are created by responsible individuals. Dr. Devine, however, avoids this one-sidedness by such statements as these: "Each factory is put up by individual human beings acting for themselves or as agents for stockholders; . . . some one selects the site and is thus responsible for putting it where labor is abundant and therefore probably 'congested,' or elsewhere; . . . some one decides how to equip the factory, . . . whether men, women, or children are to be employed, . . . what wages they are to receive and what hours they are to work" (p. 162). Without such a statement, inconsistent as it may appear in connection with the emphasis on the responsibility of society, we should find it hard to see where the author could make room for his 'religious' treatment of poverty. This, he declares, differs from all other treatments "in its inspiration, not in its mechanics." "It has behind it spiritual power, the quickening influence of a passion for rescuing a human soul from destruction, a calm faith that every human effort directed toward a good end is in line with the moral order of the universe, that God is in nature and in human history, and that we are his instruments" (pp. 170, 169).

The book is an admirable, earnest plea for its special point that inasmuch as injustice is social in its origin, the remedies must be sought in the action of organized society. It is typical of a conception which social workers are doing well to force into the ethical consciousness of our day. But it is also typical of the difficulty arising from the attempt to apply religious sanctions, which are essentially individualistic and spiritual, to doctrines of social determinism. As a single illustration, we might cite the failure to emphasize the spiritual nature of those who suffer from the wrongs which are here so illuminatingly arraigned. A genuinely 'religious' treatment of poverty would not fail to stress the fact that among the "possibilities," "the life," "the powers," "the welfare" (to use the author's terms), the realization of which is hindered by social injustice there are the moral possibilities which no improvement in housing conditions *per se* can be trusted to develop. Not even the need of emphasizing social responsibility ought to obscure this fact. But may not the difficulty arise from an inadequacy in the conception of religion?

Brooklyn, N. Y. HENRY NEUMANN.

EUGENIO RIGNANO UPON THE INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERS. A Hypothesis of Heredity, Development and Assimilation. Authorized English Translation by Basil C. H. Harvey. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1911. Pp. 413.

Much credit is due to Dr. Basil Harvey for this translation of Rignano's work into very readable and natural English whereby his original theories concerning the fundamental problems of biology are placed within the reach of English-speaking biologists and philosophers. It is, however, unfortunate that so much time has elapsed before we were provided with a translation of this work that appeared in French as early as 1906 and later in German and Italian; more especially is this so since much significant literature bearing upon the subject has appeared in the interval.

The book is essentially biological; its interest for philosophers lies rather in the positive conclusions which the author seeks to establish, particularly those concerning the physico-chemical interpretation of life and the inheritance of acquired characters, rather than in the array of facts and technical arguments whereon those conclusions are based.

Rignano treats vital phenomena throughout from the point of view of physical science, and the net results of his researches are summed up in three new hypotheses or fundamental conceptions. Stated briefly these are: First, the very interesting hypothesis of centro-epigenesis, as distinct from preformation on the one hand, and simple epigenesis on the other. He examines these two theories and gives his reasons for rejecting each of them. He elaborates his own theory with great care since, in combination with his second hypothesis, he derives therefrom an explanation of the inheritance of acquired characters as well as for a number of other biological problems. Second, the hypothesis that all living substance possesses the property of accumulating and giving back specific nervous energy. In the author's words, "Each specific nervous current deposits a very definite substance which, in its turn, is capable of provoking again exclusively the same specificity of current as that by which it was itself deposited." From this hypothesis Rignano derives an explanation of all mnemonic phenomena, from histologic specialization to the psycho-mnemonic phenom-

enon of memory. Third, an hypothesis which the author postulates only as provisional at present, which interprets vital phenomena by an intra-nuclear oscillating nervous discharge. By this conception, in combination with that of the second hypothesis, he explains that fundamental property of all living things,—Assimilation. The vital element he regards as a double specific elemental accumulator in continual charge and discharge.

The detailed criticism of these hypotheses is properly the work of biology; philosophy need only consider the general results. Many modern philosophers will be fundamentally at variance with Rignano's point of view. Among these will be all thinkers who believe in the autonomy of life. There are certainly many who hold that vital phenomena are elemental and specific in their nature, that they cannot be explained by chemistry, physics, or any kind of mechanism, nor can they be interpreted by comparison with any physico-chemical model known. In fact, a new category is required to embrace them. Nevertheless, the author's hypotheses deserve careful consideration, moreover, it is always illuminating to examine how far the conceptions, which have been found to be most fruitful in one branch of knowledge, are applicable to a widely different sphere. The explanation of the inheritance of acquired characters which the author deduces from his hypotheses is, of course, open to criticism from the same quarter; but there are relatively few men who will accept the positive conclusion concerning this inheritance and so feel that an explanation thereof is required. In this country, at any rate, the Lamarckian hypothesis is practically dead; indeed, one would think that none of the younger students of heredity can hold it, unless they are ignorant of much that has been written of recent years concerning it.

Even by those who cannot accept the main conclusions of the book, it will be found to be both interesting and suggestive, and it is certainly marked by lucidity and consistency of thought. Finally, it is a notable attempt to find in mechanism the ultimate interpretation of the universe.

M. LIGHTFOOT EASTWOOD.

Horrobin Hill, Heaton, Bolton, England.

THE ANARCHISTS, THEIR FAITH AND THEIR RECORD. By E. A. Vizetelly. London: John Lane, 1912. Pp. xiv, 308.

In this volume Mr. Vizetelly does not attempt any serious discussion of the ethics of anarchism, nor does he analyze the psychology of the bomb-throwing and dynamiting criminal. Yet the case for and against the outcast who registers his protest against society by blowing up cafés or stabbing august personages is worth arguing; anarchist theories of society deserve to be examined; and a dissection of the passions animating wretches like Ravachol, Caserio, and Luccheni, whose half-bestial features (rather artlessly depicted by the author himself) glower at us from these pages, could not fail to provide matter of deepest interest. We would give much, for instance, for a glimpse into the mind of Nobiling, the scientific recluse who peppered the Emperor William I with a shotgun from a window in Unter den Linden. Among those who have attempted the lives of princes in modern times he seems to have been (apart from Russian revolutionaries) the only man of good birth and real intellectual attainments, and the disproportion between his character and the futility of his attempt remains a curious problem. How much, in such crimes, is to be put down to madness? How much to desire for fame swollen to a fantastic bulk in the twilight between madness and sanity? How much to sober conviction? For light on such questions it is still to novelists like Dostoievsky and Mr. Joseph Conrad that we must turn, rather than to Mr. Vizetelly.

His book, in fact, is almost purely historical, and historical in the sense that, though trying to bring the various efflorescences of anarchist outrage into some connection with political causes, it is mainly a register of explosions and assassinations. This is not to say that it cannot be read with interest. Many of the events narrated are very exciting; in particular we may mention the murder of Carnot at Lyons, of which the author was a near eye-witness. A great merit of the book is that it pours scorn on the romantic theory, dear to the official mind, that anarchist outrages are dictated by widespread international secret societies. It seems certain that normally there is no cohesion among the groups, and that each crime is the work of some privately inspired individual. I regret that Mr. Vizetelly should add his drop to the ocean of sentiment that has been

poured out over the fate of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. She was beautiful, she quarrelled with her husband, she rode hard to hounds; but these facts do not really entitle her to more sympathy than President McKinley or King Humbert.

SYDNEY WATERLOW.

London, England.

SEEMS SO! A WORKING-CLASS VIEW OF POLITICS. By Stephen Reynolds and Bob and Tom Woolley. London: Macmillan & Co., 1911. Pp. xxvii, 321.

This book aims at giving the upper classes a deeper understanding of the mental attitudes of the lower classes; it urges that the legislation carried by the rich should be more disinterested and more in accordance with lower-class wishes. But the exposition is not quite happy.

The last chapter makes some interesting points about working-class psychology. Earlier in the book the views of two Devonshire fishermen are set forth in direct speech. Most of these views being rather slashing, it is a pity that Mr. Reynolds should endorse them.

The second part looks more like his own work, untrammeled by collaboration with his fishermen friends. It contains sweeping generalizations, of which many seem mistaken. Mistaken, too, is the implication throughout that these social and political views are those of a majority not only of the working-classes, but of the entire population. Take his summary of working-class education: 'The biggest fraud ever forced upon us'; or his observation on women's suffrage: 'People whose weekly income barely feeds and houses them cannot afford to experiment in changes.' This is not the attitude of the industrial Midlands and York. Much of the criticism which the three collaborators make on recent legislation, achieved or meditated, amounts to this,—a cruel restriction of the liberties of the poor by the rich for their own ends. Mr. Reynolds betrays a deep distrust of education, to which, perhaps, there is no better reply than a certain utterance of Dr. Johnson's. "I am always afraid of determining on the side of envy and cruelty. The privileges of education may sometimes be improperly bestowed, but I shall always fear to withhold them, lest I should be yielding to the suggestions of pride, while I persuade myself that I am follow-

ing the maxims of policy." But Mr. Reynolds's instincts are generous, and he has not been content to be the outside observer. Everyone must admire the spirit which led him to share the rough life of a couple of Dartmouth fishermen, not for a few days only, but for weeks. There is room for more of such books; and, indeed, Mr. Reynolds has already written another and a better one.

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INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. By Robert M. Yerkes. London: C. Bell & Sons, Ltd.; New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1911. Pp. 427.

Mr. Yerkes has ably accomplished the promise of his preface to provide an outline of the science of psychology, but we fail to agree with him about the function that he would have his book fulfil. We submit that a skeleton is not an appropriate introduction to this subject, because we believe that the supreme error to be avoided in such a work is that of sketchiness. Psychology is studied to little purpose unless it is concerned with real living experience from the outset. At this stage a general and technical treatment of the subject, with its systematic pigeon-holing of doctrines, its characteristic distribution of dark and light type, its inevitable skimming over the surface of great questions, is of no avail. The chief difficulty in the study of psychology lies in the tendency to substitute technical description for direct and living psychical experience, and if we are to wage war effectively upon this evil, we must start from direct experience carefully and even minutely observed. For this reason there is indeed a sense in which the text-book for the beginner must be more detailed than that for the more advanced student, and therefore, we recommend the use of Mr. Yerkes's book after, instead of before, the manual. It would thereby have a place different from the one he planned; for when the manual has taught the student to live and be interested in psychological problems, then the present outline may effectively reduce his facts to order and enable him to discriminate the wood from the trees.

The book is divided into six sections which deal consecutively with: The Nature, Aims, and Methods of Psychology; Descrip-

tion in Psychology and its Results; Genetic Psychology; General Principles and Laws; Psychological Explanation; and the Control of the Mental Life. The last of these sections includes discussions upon Education and Eugenics. Each chapter opens with the quotation of some very interesting and valuable piece of introspection and closes with a class exercise. The latter are a most valuable and unique addition in spite of the fact that they are frequently unrelated to the topic of the chapter. Indeed these exercises may prove to be the most memorable part of the book, for they develop that habit of observing one's own and other people's minds which alone can endow the subject with vitality and interest. The suggestions for supplementary reading are welcome, for if they are followed they will do much to counteract the inevitable limitations of the outline.

The book generally is comprehensive and should provide an illuminating summary for innumerable students who have acquired some knowledge and genuine power of psychological thought.

M. Lightfoot Eastwood.

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